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1885.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LIII.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON,  
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 8.

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# FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1885:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].



FIGURE NO. 1.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This consists of Child's costume No. 9913, and sun-hat No. 9915. The costume pattern is in 5 sizes from 2 to 6 years, and costs 20 cents. The hat pattern is in 11 sizes from 2 to 12 years, and costs 10 cts. For a child of 4 years, the costume needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide; and the hat,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide.



9886

Front View.



9886

Back View.

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9886.—White muslin is the material here depicted, with insertion and lace edging for decoration. The mode is nicely adapted

to gingham, cambrics, chambrays, piqués and other desirable wash goods. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

## LADIES' JACKET, WITH VEST.

No. 9878.—Two varieties of dress goods are united in the present formation of this garment, and braid forms the trimming. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of one material and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the one and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 9896. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and is adapted to all varieties of dress goods. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



9878

Front View.



9878

Back View.



9911

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 9911.—The pattern to this stylish-looking wrap is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard either 48 or 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9880

## LADIES' BASQUE.

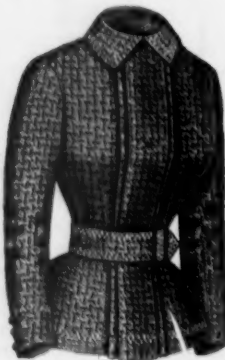
No. 9880.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of figured and 1 yard of plain goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of figured and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plain 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



9912

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 9912.—Camel's-hair was employed for the garment here pictured. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards either 48 or 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9917

## LADIES' BLOUSE.

No. 9917.—This blouse is here shown as made of fancy cloth, and the finish is machine-stitching. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



9905

Night Side- Front View.

ured material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plain and 2 yards of figured 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



9905

Left Side- Back View.





9914

*Front View.*

9903

*Front View.*

## CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9903.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and may be used for gingham, cambric, seersucker, chambray or any preferred material. Frills of lace or embroidery will often be added to the neck and sleeves, and sometimes to the skirt below the tucks. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, needs 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 ins. wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



9903

*Back View.*

9914

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9914.—Pale blue cashmere was chosen for the development of the costume here represented. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9897

*Right Side-Front View.*

9915

## CHILD'S SUN-HAT.

No. 9915.—Repped piqué was selected for the sun-hat here illustrated, with machine-embroidery and buttons for trimming. The pattern is in 11 sizes for children from 2 to 12 years of age. To make the hat for a child of 4 years, will need  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



9897

*Left Side-Back View.*

## LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9897.—Fancy cloth was selected for the present development of this costume, the material, braid and ribbon forming the garnitures. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be employed for two or more materials. Cloths and similar textures make up well in garments of this style, and are often completed without decoration. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require  $11\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 6 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

## CHILD'S APRON.

No. 9882.—This apron is here shown as made of lawn, with hemmed ties of the same for the shoulder bows. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and is adapted to the development of all apron materials. To make the apron for a child of 4 years, will require  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9882  
Front View.



9882  
Back View.



9894  
Front View.



9894  
Back View.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9894.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. For a girl of 8 years, it needs  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



## FIGURE NO. 3.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 9887. Tan-colored cashmere and plaid silk are combined in the present instance, and fancy braid provides the trimming. The full vest is one of the prettiest features of the garment, and is made of the plaid silk. About the skirt is arranged two rows of braid, and a row is also added to the jacket edges. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. For a girl of 8 years, it needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of plain goods and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plaid material, each 22 inches wide.



9895  
Front View.



9895  
Back View.

## GIRLS' LOW-NECKED DRESS.

(TO BE WORN WITH GIMPE.)  
No. 9895.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for girls from 3 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it will need  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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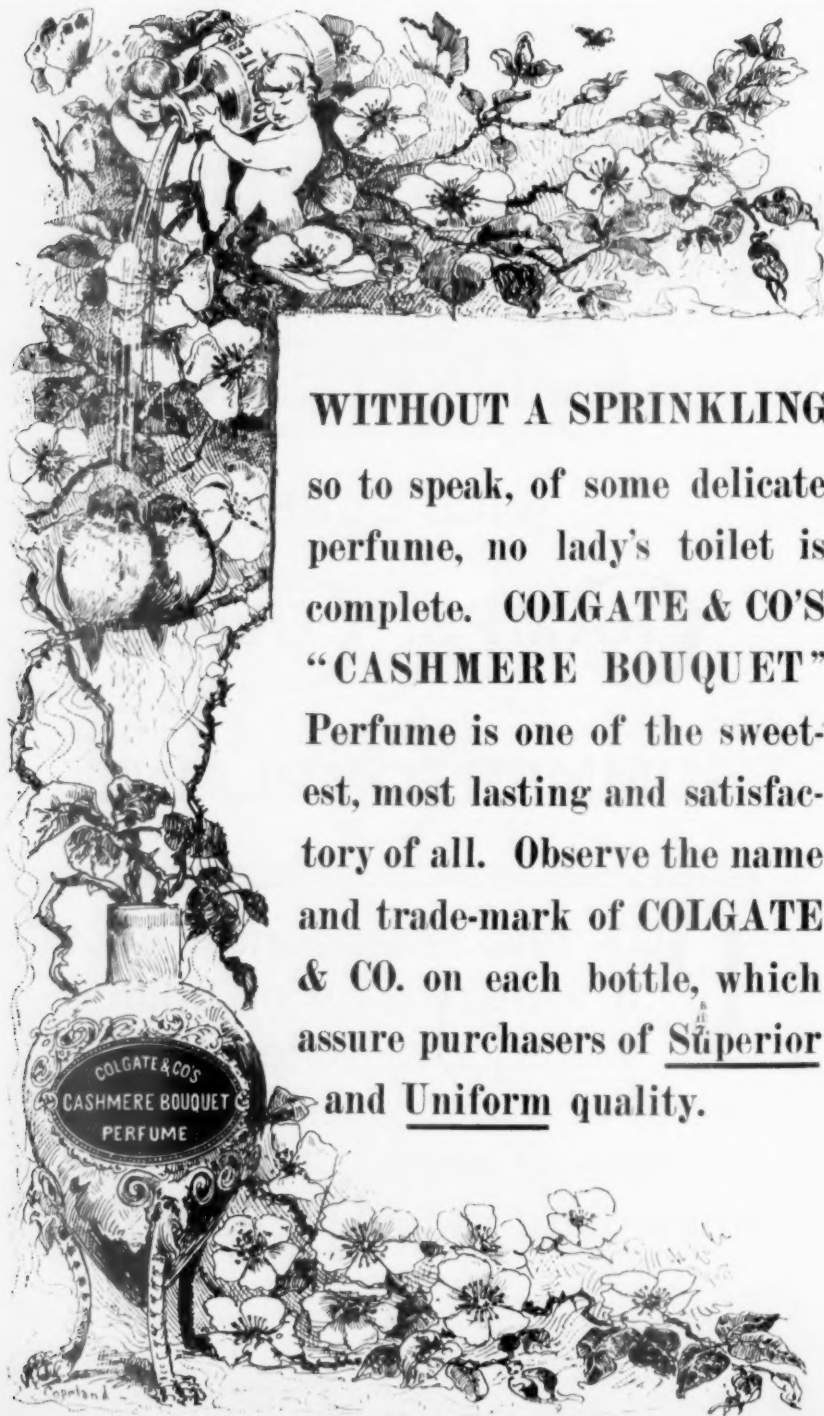
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CRAMPS, COLICS  
AND  
"SUMMER COMPLAINT"

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water, sweetened to the  
taste, and get outside of the  
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THE COUNTRY CHILD.—Page 507



Because we are mindful of all it endured  
Ere blossoms of fire from brown bark were ensured,  
The dear vine will laugh, all the gayer in glee,  
With sun-tinted flowers, for you and for me!

VOL. LIII.—31.





THE COUNTRY CHILD - Page 27



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 8.

## THE TRUMPET CREEPER.

**H**O, fairies, come here, I have something to show—  
Of all your old music you're tired, I know;  
So long you've rung chimes from the hyacinth bell,  
From lilies, campanulas—ah, I know well,  
That flutes made of wheat-stalks and organs of reeds  
Won't answer a fairy musician's full needs;  
So come, elfin orchestra, round by this wall—  
I have something here to astonish you all!

A rough, woody vine that escaped being tree,  
With finger-like roots climbed the stones, as you see;  
Then threw out green leaflets, all clustered and veined,  
Like victor-palms marking each stage it had gained,  
And then it ran riot, in mimicking bowers,  
And laughed out its glee in a thousand bright flowers;  
Ah, fairies, I wonder if that rough vine knew  
It ever would bear scarlet-trumpets for you!

Play cornets of coral, and carbuncle's glow,  
That through your sweet music the glad vine may know  
That we, who enjoy its bright bloom at this time  
Forget not that first came a long, weary climb:  
Because we are mindful of all it endured  
Ere blossoms of fire from brown bark were ensured,  
The dear vine will laugh, all the gayer in glee,  
With sun-tinted flowers, for you and for me!

VOL. LIII.—31.



## A SISTER'S STORY.

"HE has enlisted."

These were the words my mother spoke as she entered the sitting-room. A letter in her hand, whose writing I recognized as that of my dear brother Robbie, told the story.

It was in the far-away time of the war. Every day we heard in the streets of P—the sound of fife and drum, and often in the still nights of early summer the strains of martial music quickened our pulses and kept sleep from our eyelids. I did not wonder much at this, after all. The very atmosphere quivered with patriotic fervor. But Robbie was only a boy when he left us, scarcely more than fifteen, and often I think, "If he had only been older!" Dear, open-hearted, impulsive Robbie! I was his sister, older than he, but, as the only living children, we were much together. We read and talked over the war news and felt alike the intense indignation for the foe at home and in the field. He stayed with us for a time after the war began, though often, indeed, he said he would run away and enlist if he thought he would be taken as a soldier—and if it were not for mother.

For our parents wisely refused his entreaty to be allowed to go into the army. But he was growing tall, and a few months made a great difference in his appearance. Now his desire had hurried him on. He was gone. He did not tell for some time what regiment he had entered, lest he be compelled to leave it, but when at last we found out it seemed best to let him have his way; for I must admit Robbie had been spoiled by us all. But we loved him so! and he was so generous and manly and needed only the weight of a few years to make him all that we hoped. Ours was a wealthy home, and no advantage had been denied us; and Robbie's progress in learning had been exceptional.

I need not trace his history from the gay, easy camp-life in the beginning till he became a veteran "used to war's alarms."

At Vicksburg, in the famous charge on the twenty-second of May, he was with the few who got upon a certain fort in McClernand's front, but, with the whole army, was compelled to yield what seemed already won. Twice in the night which followed did he go up over the field of blood between the armies at the peril of his life or capture, to bear back to safety those who were wounded or had been left where they fell. And he stopped this work, so like him, only when he received a bullet through his arm that entirely disabled him. But he would not come home even then; for he had "gone to stay," and in due time rejoined his company.

But I shall ask you to read some things which he wrote from Texas, partly that you may get a

glimpse of the dear boy when all was so bright to him and us, but the more because here came a revelation of his life which before we did not know and which has a direct bearing on the story I am telling you:

"ISLAND ST. JOSEPH (properly pronounced *Jo*), TEXAS, November 26th, 1863.

"For five whole days we have been sea-going men—going it much against our will part of the time; for a storm drove us straight out into the Gulf of Mexico. But here we are, safe, glad enough to exchange the earth on the steamer's deck for that on shore. You can scarcely imagine how odd it all seems. The white sand lies like snow-drifts, heaped up in every sort of way, sometimes half covered with a coarse, stiff grass. I might as well compare it to a country made up of mountains and valleys, if we only had the little people to put into it.

"I had quite a sensation yesterday. Having been left behind on detail, I was taking a short cut across the sand-hills to come up with the regiment, when I ran plump on a graveyard. No; it was hardly that, either, for the sand had been blown away by the wind till the skeleton, most of them, lay exposed to the air and sun. A few old coffins were still held together by their fastenings, partly in and partly out of the sand, and their occupants looked at me grimly enough. And there were two old houses close by and it would have made you cry to see how the sand crept up over the doors and half way to the top of the windows, the coarse, green grass growing thickly over it. I can imagine you now describing how this would show that no little children ever marked the heaps with running feet and the old doors never opened to little hands and the sash was never raised to let some curly head peer out of the windows. But I only turned over a skull or two with my musket and didn't have time for such things, and hurried on after my regiment. And I shot a deer, too, as I went along, and our mess feasted right royally. But we have not been without drawbacks. At first the breeze was pleasant, as our uniforms kindly gave us every opportunity to know; for we had come from that long march on the Teche—well, 'tattered and torn,' if not 'all forlorn,' and have not changed our condition yet. But if the weather was balmy to begin with, we are chattering through a regular 'norther' now. And need I say that the same accommodating spirit which moved our uniforms to allow us to enjoy the pleasant south wind considerably offers a like opening to test the nature of a Texas norther? I confess I am satisfied with the experiment and would like to quit.

"We are on our way to Fort Esperanza, situated at the top of the next island, called, I believe, Matagorda. When we have taken that in—well,



we shall do something else. But I don't quite see yet what this army has come to Texas for. There does not seem anything *great* to do. It was reported that we were to watch the French in Mexico, and we did take a calm survey of their fleet lying at anchor near the mouth of the Rio Grande. But it isn't so easy to watch people two hundred miles away, and that we now are."

"INDIANOLA, December 24th, 1863.

"Here we are in this lonely, treeless village on Matagorda Bay, where, before I was born, the United States sent some of her soldiers to make ready for the conquest of Mexico. We took in Fort Esperanza, on the island below, as I said we would. If ever war can be called play that was, though, after all, if I had been one of the killed (there were some) I wouldn't say so, would I?

"Some of the soldiers, to give variety, are getting married to the girls that dared to wait the coming of the awful Yank. But you need not fear for me. I have lived a bachelor too long to think of leaving the singular state. I send you one of our camp newspapers, which will save me writing some items.\* I begin to think we have come to Texas to have a jolly time."

"January 21st, 1864.

"Just got back from one of our famous temperance meetings.† If I haven't written for some time it must be because I have been laboring so hard in the 'good work.' It looks now as though this was what we have come to Texas for. Any other than this quiet life wouldn't give a chance for such a movement. A great many in our brigade have put their names to the pledge, the most of us for one year only. You see we are very particular about 'signing away our liberty.' I resisted the dire influence a long time, but now I'm roping them in—a regular Gough. The fact is, my little girl, I needed to take some step. Don't tell mother so. But I had got a taste for

wine at home that was easy to cultivate in the army. In fact, it didn't need much cultivation. And now that I'm a reformed man, a shining temperance apostle, I can confess to you and gain me great glory. A good many times have I been far gone under the influence of liquor. But you know we always had wine on the table at home, and those New Year's calls and entertainments! Well, they were jolly, anyhow! But I don't think you ever quite got it into your bright brain that I had been a good deal more than half 'seas over' before I left home. It is all passed now, though, for I'm a temperance man for a whole year."

This was news that startled me, though I gathered hope from the letter that the danger was past. It was true that we had always been used to wine at the table and on all social occasions. And I knew, too, Robbie had been permitted a share from early boyhood. It was all done in the most approved style, and none were more in favor of moderation than we. That is the way we talked. And I myself ridiculed in those old days the total abstainer whose fanatical pleas would occasionally disturb some sleeping conscience. We did not change our custom. And Robbie could pour the wine so gracefully and propose toasts and respond to them so beautifully that we grew to be very proud of his accomplishment in this direction. But who of us dreamed of danger? Awakened at last, I did, of course, all that I could to encourage his resolution. But I did not tell this part of his experience to our parents.

I must not linger, as my heart prompts me to, upon these brighter days. One other extract from his letters only will I add, because it relates to this same thought. The army to which Robbie belonged had left Texas, and was again going up and down the Mississippi River, wherever needed. I rejoiced to learn that his regiment had just missed going by sea to Meade, the brigade being divided, and his part of it suddenly and unexpectedly dispatched to meet some demonstration on the part of General Dick Taylor; the other half had started North and shared in the terrible battles of the Wilderness.

"FORT BUTLER, DONALDSONVILLE, LA., }

"July 4th, 1864. }

"Glorious Fourth! Great victory! I don't allude to '76, nor Vicksburg nor Gettysburg, but to myself. Think how generous Uncle Sam is! He gave all the soldiers here a double ration of liquor to celebrate the day. Well, I happened to be away when the refreshing draught was poured out, but was told of it immediately on my return, and my special tincup pointed out nearly full of the delightful nectar. What a struggle was there, my countrymen! On the one hand, patriotism (for surely a good drunk shows how much you

\*The paper, very much worn, is still in my possession. It is called *The Horn Extra*. "Published semi-occasionally on the first full moon before hog-killing, by W. L. Bergy & Co. Price, one (10) Washington, in green (10) to defray expenses." "Persons looking for our office will observe a large horn hanging upon our door-knob." "We learn that several of our soldier boys have contracted matrimonial alliances with some of the fair ladies of Indianola and Old Town. One wedding has already taken place. We give fair notice to those already married and those contemplating a consummation of the happy event that, cake or no cake, we shall give publicity through the medium of the *Horn* of the fact of their marriage, giving names, company, and regiment to which they belong, as their friends at home will be anxious to hear from them." These sentences are taken at random from it.

†This great temperance movement, which was held every Monday evening in Indianola for some time, was largely due to the faithful efforts of Chaplain J. S. Donaldson, Eighth Indiana.

think of your country!) and the practice of our Indiana home; and I'll own up a hanker for it that went all over my body. On the other hand, my bare, solitary word, pledged in Texas (who would think of putting Texas and temperance together?), and my word got the best of the enemy. It did occur to me, too, that my pledge was only for a year. Up I went to the table, took that shining tincup (bethink you, how it compared with the wine-glass of old), and with my wonted gracefulness tossed it off—the table.

"What in thunder are you doing that for?"

"That is what I heard at the close of the heroic act. 'Why not?' asked I, 'it was mine.' 'No, it wasn't,' replied my bunk-mate Charlie; 'mine was in that cup, too. Here you have been a temperance man so long that I thought I'd get your ration to-day, and so put both together. I intended to have a good, decent spree, and you've spoiled it all.' It was in vain I protested personal rights and his own fault. He couldn't see anything in my temperance principles to admire nor my action to commend."

The long days of that year passed slowly by. The dread strife was over at last, and now Robbie was coming home. His regiment had been sent with the army against Mobile, and he had, so he writes, "the honor of being in the last pitched battle of the war." Great was our disappointment when the division to which he belonged was dispatched up Red River, La., to receive the surrender of the Confederate troops in that department, to be delayed we knew not how long. His letters, too, grew more brief, and a certain despondency seemed to pervade them that I could not understand. Occasionally, a glimpse of his old happy self appeared, as when he told of the celebration of the Fourth of July at Shreveport—the six-pounder dragged in from the half-finished works a mile out, and the alarm among the officers at the rapid cannonading in the dead of night right in their camp. Or the excursions into the thick forests, the bee-trees and the honey, the squirrels and turkeys slain, the abundant blackberries, which some of that command who read this will remember. But the next letter would not be buoyant nor satisfactory. And yet our anticipations were too pleasant to be greatly affected even by this.

At last came the word that the regiment had been mustered out at Baton Rouge, and would, as soon as steamboat and cars could carry them, reach Indianapolis. Thither we went, my mother and I; father would await us at home. It was a strangely happy time, those days of the home coming. Sad indeed it would be to some, we knew, but not for us. Was not Robbie among those returning?

Ah! I remember the day—that day when all

suspense should end. It was midsummer of '65. How balmy the morning! The oppressive heat was gone. The touch of the summer breeze was cool. Indeed, everything seemed buoyant with hope and in sympathy with us. A certain dainty freshness lingered upon the half-open rose buds, and I said to my mother that I could hear under the crimson vesture the rose heart beating for joy. An exaltation of spirits possessed us. Friend smiled on friend. Happy greetings were exchanged. Nothing of ill could come upon a peace so deep, a gladness so intense and full. Did not Heaven favor us? And amid this murmur of heart happiness came the sound of the train. The whistle rang loud and long. Martial music more jubilant than in the far first days of the war thrilled our hearts, and with exultant strains gave wings to one unspoken delight. It was a gala day, and military processions controlled the streets. And yonder come the boys in blue—remnants of regiments, but oh! how proudly they march! Can you see them for happy tears? And the old battle-flags! Robbie will soon be here, for that is his regiment. Now they are before us. He will be taller, he will be changed, but we shall surely know him. Where is he? We looked with such gaze as only those who passed through the experience can guess. But Robbie was not one of the number. Would he surprise us yet? We sought the grounds where now the soldiers were greeting their friends. The officer in charge came toward us, for he knew us, bringing with him the captain of Robbie's company, — —. Need I tell you his words?

Yes, it was too true—our dear, generous-hearted Robbie was dead! Even on the way home, just above Memphis, amid the rain and darkness, he had missed his footing and fallen from the steamboat into the swollen current of the Mississippi. His comrades sought to save him, but he was never seen again.

You will not expect me to dwell upon this. To my mother it came a shock from which she never rallied. My father was scarcely less affected. I know not how I lived through the days that followed. Yet at last, long afterward, I thought, "Shall others give up their loved ones that the land be saved, and we not share the sacrifice?" And thinking thus I was comforted.

The years came and went. We were in the midst of the great temperance crusade that stirred the heart of every woman of our land, and led to such effort as we had never before witnessed. I took such part as was possible to me, for I remembered how nearly my brother came to his ruin even through loving hands. When, then, I was on a visit to friends who lived in a large city, it was but natural to attend the meetings which were held there in the interest of temperance. It will be remembered that it was the custom to call for

short addresses after the main effort had been made. This was done on the evening to which I refer. Interested in all that was spoken, I became specially interested in one, who in the course of his speech turned to the influence of army life upon the soldiers, and dwelt upon the sad effect of intemperance as exhibited there. He closed with an incident which came under his own observation, in words as nearly like these as I can remember:

"We were coming home to stay. I don't think any one can appreciate the joy of that thought in our hearts. But I shall never forget the sadness that was thrown over that home-coming for some of us. We were on the steamboat just above Memphis, when the last act of the drama of death was played to its close. Aboard with us was a young soldier belonging to another regiment—the—th Indiana. He had in some way obtained liquor and had become intoxicated. It was not the first time, as it appeared, from what I afterward learned, he had fallen into the habit, perhaps bringing it with him from a home of luxury where the social glass was duly honored. But he made a brave fight, I was told, at one time in the army, and though he had failed again and again after this period, he had recently tried anew. He would talk of his home, how happy it was, and how proud they were of him, and that he did not intend to bring disgrace upon them. But on the boat liquor was placed in his way, and the old habit reasserted itself. For some time he suffered with delirium tremens, but in his rational moments declared that he would never go home, he could not so dishonor his mother, and that death was preferred. But he was cared for by his comrades, and all seemed going favorably. They had a place on the upper deck near my own, and I had good opportunity to know what was going on. Shortly after we lay down to rest—it was raining a little and the night was intensely dark, and one could hear only the noise of the steamboat and the sullen sweep of the high waters—he sat up as if to go elsewhere. But the comrade was watchful and he lay down again. As the time passed we all fell into a doze, when I became conscious of a quick movement, an effort of the friend to save, an outstretched hand evaded, and then a plunge downward, followed by the sound of the body striking the river. That was all. And though we were astir at once, that remained all. He could not be saved. Poor boy! I can't but shiver at the scene yet—how he plunged out into the night and storm, down into the chill current that received and gave not back. I understand that his family were expecting to meet him at Indianapolis. A sad time must it have been for them when the others 'went marching home.' The soldiers who knew him spoke of him as high-spirited, generous, brave, and all that one needs

to be if only liquor had been left alone. We all felt like saying with them, 'Poor Robbie.'"

I started at the name. "Poor Robbie!" How often had I used those words! Was I to find a deeper need and a deeper sorrow? The dreadful suspense could not be endured. I sought and found the truth, and *this* was the truth. You may say it were better not to have known it. I am glad my parents did not live to learn of it. And such would have been my preference. But learn it I did. You may wonder why I make my sorrow public. I would do more than this if I could but persuade the girls whose brothers may be in danger, as mine was then, in the very home circle, to do what they can to take temptation out of the way.

Alas for those happy New Year calls at our home when wine was freely offered and taken! Alas for the custom honored by my father, of keeping the best wines for table use!

C. A. HOBBS.

### NIGHT.

I SAW the sun sink slowly in the west,  
Painting the cloudless skies with liquid gold;  
I saw the angel of the night unfold  
His dewy wings, and lowly o'er his breast  
Bow down his head in meek humility,  
As one who works his Master's wise behest.  
I saw the moon in radiant garb arise  
And sail majestic o'er the tranquil skies,  
Like some bright vessel on a waveless sea.  
And as I gazed, a sense of perfect rest  
Stole o'er me, and the sorrows that infest  
The life of all no longer burdened me,  
But, with the light, fled peacefully away.

Ceased had the plaintive carol of the thrush,  
And stillness brooded over everything,  
As if the dark-robed angel had unfurled  
His ebon pinions and, from off his wing,  
Shook silence down upon a sleeping world;  
Or the last sigh of the departing day,  
Borne through the trees in one long-whispered  
"Hush!"

Had breathed o'er all a spirit of repose.

So may life's sun, which at the dawn arose  
Resplendent in its ever-growing light,  
In peaceful glory sink at evening's close  
Beyond the margin of death's silent sea,  
And the gray shadows of that wondrous night,  
Which ends in day eternal, fall on me.

THERE is no royal road to any study, to achievement or success anywhere; it is by the old plebeian path of rugged toil that men reach the heights of attainment and the temple of fame.

## DESIGN IN FEATHERS.

IT has been wisely said that "to know the history of a bird, you must know its life-history," and this is absolutely true; and if you would wish to know and see the truth about feathers in all their perfection, there is no way to study them but on the living bird. The way to study the clothes of men may be to go where cast-off clothes do congregate, but birds' feathers are not so; cast off, they tell you but little, they show you less. Therefore, ornithological savants shed so little light and lustre on the study of feathers. They try to seek the knowledge of the living among the dead, and think to gain an insight into all the poetry of a bird's joyous life by handling so

running along his back, from his neck to his tail; on each side of this black is a rich red-brown stripe. We should naturally imagine that the black stripe was of one sort of feathers entirely, and the brown of another, but it is not so. Here is one of the feathers of the back, and you will see how exactly the black space covers half the surface, and the lighter color shows the brown, feather after feather laid in regular sequence giving the pattern on this part. Now watch the wings, and see how the thing that at once catches the eye is a short white bar at the base, and a longer buffish brown bar more in the middle of the wing; both these bars of varying tones are in the same way the result of a number of part-colored feathers placed in regular groups over the muscles of the

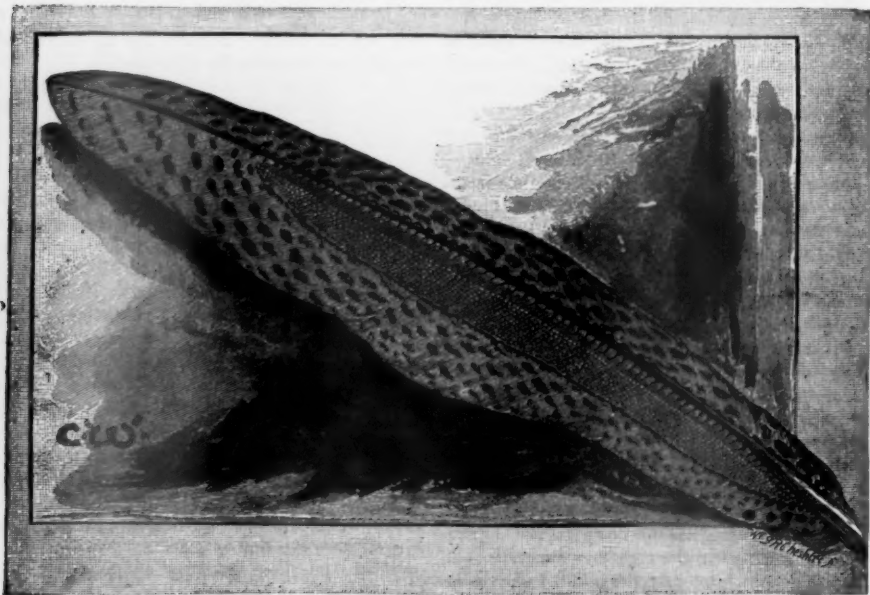


FIG. 1.—A PRIMARY OF THE ARGUS PHEASANT: DESIGN SUGGESTING FEATHER ON FEATHER.

many thousands of mere bird mummies. They only can teach aright who study the living thing in its own surroundings and connections.

There are few birds that have but absolutely one color pervading the whole of their plumage. Still, there are some: as, for example, our own crow and blackbird. But even in these there is no monotony; there is lovely iridescence, and the various masses of feathers follow the structure of the masses of muscle on the body, and these being at different angles make the feathers likewise, so that the light falls upon the diverse facets and reveals the curving lines of the masses of scapulars and flank feathers, of primaries and tail coverts. Let us, however, consider, firstly, our little homely

parrot; note how he has a central line of black wings, so that all the white ruds placed side by side make the first bar, and the larger, similarly, make the second bar. This is the simplest form of common ornamentation, and yet here, on this vulgar bird, we find three differently marked sorts of feathers used to produce the same kind of design required. I need hardly point out the delicious variety, the exquisite treating of all formality, whilst yet the central idea of the design is always kept in sight.

The best time for seeing perfect feathering is in the winter, and onward to the spring; then, after a very short honeymoon, the birds settle down to domestic drudgery with exemplary ardor, with the result that at the end of a few weeks their tail-feathers are rough and irregular, their pinions



worn and ragged from constant contact with the nest in sitting; and by the time their new suit comes at midsummer, they are more than ready for it. The spring, of course, is the climax of a bird's life. With scrupulous care he arranges hourly his feathers, all their markings are seen to perfection, and many peculiarities of decoration are then and then alone displayed. The fleshy combs and protuberances become scarlet and enlarged, and any one who has not seen a pheasant or cock grouse at this season of love would be

on both sides of the head, they contrive the bewildered hen shall see all the glories of both sides at one glance, and so drag all the feathers of the far side round to the near side, making such a huge mass that the face is nearly hidden, and the projecting beak alone shows where the head must be. All this is done for the hen's benefit and it is only done when she is near; it all turns on her existence, and ceases if she be absent.

To our mind the argus pheasant (Fig. 2), in the remarkable character of its patterned feathers,

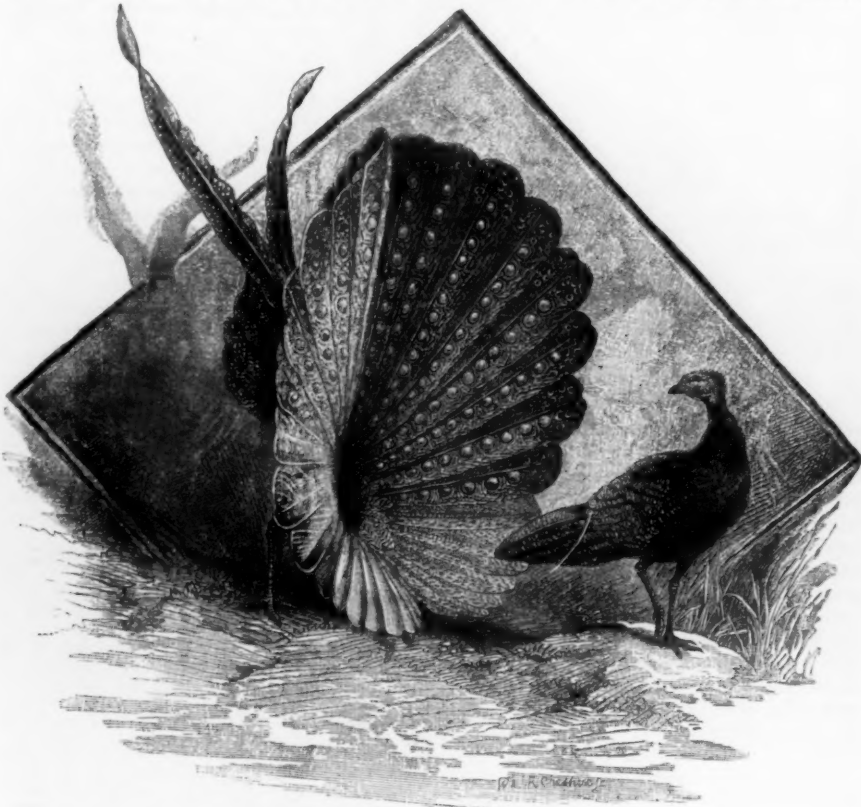


FIG. 2.—ARGUS PHEASANT IN DISPLAY.

astonished at the alteration from his normal state. The cock pigeon swells that part of his body most adorned with iridescent feathers to make the grandest show he can; and every small bird brushes up his modest finery. It is said that not a single bright-colored feather on any bird's body is left idle or undisplayed. If birds have bright-colored tails, they raise them to their highest and fullest and abase their heads; if bright heads, then they shake out their plumes, their eye distends, and their wattles swell; and if, as in some cases, they have large tippets of feathers falling

stands alone; and there is no bird that is, in sporting parlance, within a hundred miles of it. His secondary feathers (Fig. 1), while in the normal position on the wing, are a curiosity that is most staggering, such an amount of decoration lying apparently hidden and idle (not like the peacock, which, when not displaying its tail coverts, yet makes a beautiful appearance with great elegance of line and brilliancy of color), and further lying on a bird, the whole effect of which is dowdy and not diabolical. It seems as if the design were misplaced and wasted; but watch the change

that comes over the bird when spring arrives. He first becomes active and restless, instead of sleepy and heavy; he runs about briskly, and from time

are perpendicular have the light at the top of the feather, while those on the feather lying horizontally have the light nearest the shaft. Further, as if to give value to these delicately shaded ocelli, there are on the main field of the feather strong dark spots and stripes of deep brown, and on the very shaft itself there are long, alternating black and white stripes. And then, lastly, on the primaries there is the exact similitude of another feather lying upon the true one. This inner space is of a lighter and more delicate tone of chestnut than the rest, and is covered with minute white dots; the effect is most deceptive, and any one might well be excused for taking these mock primaries for true feathers.

Mr. Darwin, with his usual vigor, says, in regard to this exceptional display of patterned feather: "Many will declare that it is utterly incredible that a female bird should be able to appreciate fine shading and exquisite patterns. It is undoubtedly a marvelous fact that she should possess this almost human degree of taste, though perhaps she admires the

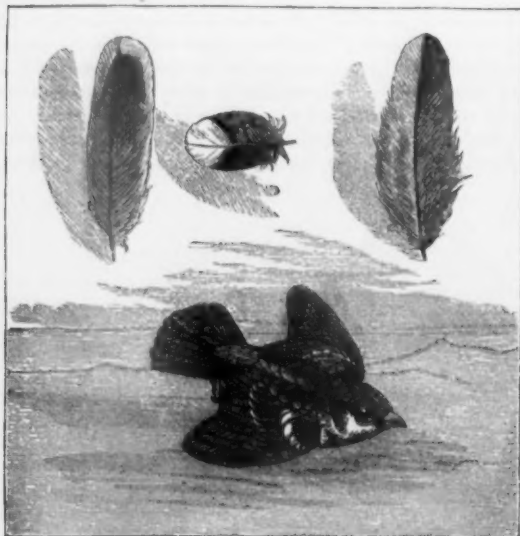


FIG. 3.—THE SPARROW.

to time shakes his wings with a rustling sound, as if to get into order and place that large clump of feathers that have hitherto looked so untidy and purposeless; and then suddenly, as his critical future is well in front of him, he tucks down his head, throws up his wings, and arches them high over his back, till the feathers of each wing meet and form a perfect circle, the field of which is of delicately variegated browns; and sunk in this field seem to lie rows of little balls, all perfect and round, with a bright spot of high white light on their curved sides, as if from the presence of the sun itself. Look now at our illustration (Fig. 4); although it loses somewhat through being translated into black and white, it is yet vastly beautiful; on the feather, from which this ball-and-socket design was photographed, there were twenty-one similar spots, and every feather of the secondaries is alike and yet not similar. For the scheme of the design is this: that there is a central light above them, which casts its highest light upon them, so that no two balls have the light actually on the same spot, but as each is higher or lower in the circle to the right or the left, so the light spot moves with geometric exactness, so that the ocelli (as they are commonly called) which come on those feathers which

general effect rather than each separate detail. He who thinks that he can safely gauge the discrimination and taste of the lower animals may deny that the female argus pheasant can appreciate such refined beauty, but he will then be com-

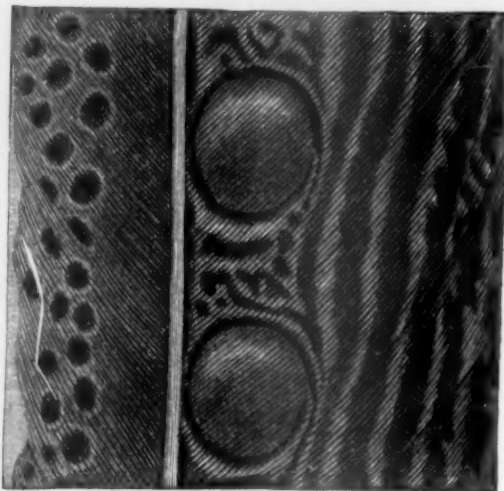


FIG. 4.—A FEATHER PATTERN.

pelled to admit that the extraordinary attitudes assumed by the male during the act of courtship, by which the wonderful beauty of his plumage is

fully displayed, are purposeless." Now, that is a conclusion that Mr. Darwin will not consent to. Whatever may have been the cause and the origin of this peculiar beauty in the bird's plumes, it is certain that it exists, and that it is well worth far more study than is usually given to it. The schemes of color are endless, and are almost always satisfactory, even to our own eyes. There are some examples that are vastly different to any arrangement of color that man would make; but I think it would be wise to wait before we condemn them, as our knowledge of the boundaries of the laws of right and wrong in color is far from complete or perfect. I refer to cases like those of the tremendously colored macaws and parrots, one of which has nearly every known color in alarm-

wing-feathers: On one side of the shaft the plumes are all black; on the other side at the base it commences with brilliant orange, which runs into yellow of a pure tone, often blending into green, and that again merges in a violet-blue; and as the colors on one feather are varied, so also is the total coloring. It is a mass of varied color, and I do not know of any simple or compound color that does not find a place in some part of it. Of its utility to some end I have no doubt; and, further, I am ready to believe also in its complete rightness; for we must ever remember, as I said

at starting, that the right way to see anything is to see it in its own native surroundings and settings. To see and consider a poor macaw with his eye-opening arrangements of brilliant blue



FIG. 5.—TEAL'S FEATHERS.



SWALLOWS.

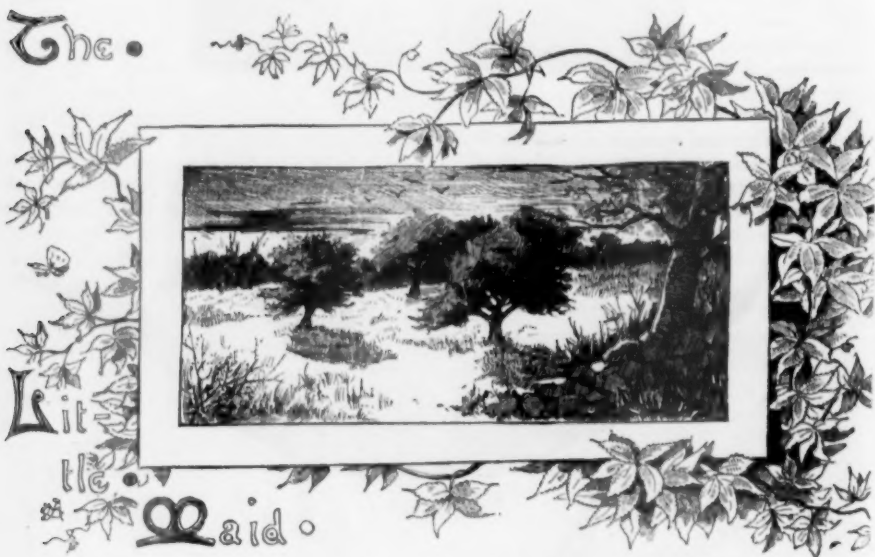
ing proximity (I speak as a man), with the result that it causes the conventional aesthetic to shudder. Here is a statement of the colors of its secondary

and gaudy yellow feathers in a smoke-begrimed city, or manacled with chains to a swinging perch in the Zoological Gardens, is unfair and mislead-

ing; but think of him as sporting in the dense tangle of tropical creepers of his native wilds! Gorgeous flowers hanging pendent from above meet and lovingly repeat the colors of his much-abused feathers; the very dead tree-trunks are ablaze with orchid blossoms, and the whole scene is one complete carnival of color. From such a home he comes, and we should remember, as we have said always, these and similar questions before hastily criticising adversely any of nature's marvelous designs. We feel very strongly that there probably would be no better way invented of inculcating in the mind of the young a knowledge of the limitless realms of beauty in color and charms of delicate design than the placing before them typical examples of the plumage of birds. Those who lean to tender schemes of color would find help without end in the study of the feathers of birds, while those who longed for a full palette

and the whole range of color would find their wildest fancies beaten by the winged denizens of the Tropics.

I have read treatises and handbooks on the study of color; anything more gloomy and less likely to appeal to and interest the student we can hardly conceive of. Their illustrations, too, are dreary examples of how utterly miserable mechanical coloring is. But place examples of the theories to be insisted upon, in the shape of a woodcock's wing or the feathers of the teal (Fig. 5), and there would be no fear of interest flagging or lessons forgotten. My own foundation of a knowledge of the system of complementary coloring was gained from the study of a robin's breast, and from its quiet beauty I learnt a truth that, I rejoice to believe, never will be forgotten.



**A**CROSS the level meadows I was straying;  
The day was nearly done;  
Upon the breeze, among the blossoms playing,  
The roses shed their petals, one by one.  
I saw, beside the wall, a little maiden  
Stand smiling in the sun.

The bees flew home across the purple clover,  
By dewy winds caressed;  
I heard the children's voices, ringing over  
The fields of blossom by the burning west.  
With folded hands, beside the wall she lingered,  
Nor played among the rest.

"Now wherefore stand you here, my little maiden?"  
I asked, in friendly wise.  
"The other children, with their flowers are laden.  
Go you not with them?" From her grave, sweet eyes,  
One glance she turned of wonder, and beyond me  
Gazed at the glowing skies.

So fair, so bright, with more than childish seeing,  
The countenance she wore,  
That something of her innocent young being  
I would have learned and questioned her once more;  
Then, lifted she a little hushing finger,  
And, smiling as before—

"Hark! hear you not the sleepy thrushes  
singing?"

Below her breath she said.

"And hear you not the big brown bees  
a-winging

Their noisy way across the fields to bed?  
And hear you not the rustling elm-leaves  
whisper

Their secrets overhead?"

"Surely!" said I. "But now the rest are  
playing

On yonder pleasant lea.

Are you not lonely here, my child, delay-  
ing?"

She shook her pretty head. "Oh! do you  
see

How bright the little clouds are in the sun-  
set!

How still and bright?" said she.

"I see the sun behind the mountains set-  
ting;

The twilight has begun.

Is there," said I, "no task you are forget-  
ting,

That should be finished ere the day is  
done,

While with these pretty, idle fingers folded,  
You linger, little one?"

"To-morrow"—still her happy eyes went  
dreaming

Across the field of light,

Bathed softly in the mellow sunset's gleam-  
ing—

"To-morrow, ere the dark has taken flight,  
Then will I work. It is enough," she mur-  
mured,

"Only to live to-night!"

Then much I wondered at the child's per-  
sistence,

And said, half jesting, "So,

You fain would lead a butterfly's existence,  
Forever basking in the summer's glow!"

Again she shook her pretty head in won-  
der—

"Nay, sir, they do not know—

"The foolish things about the meadow flying—

They cannot know—not they—

How beautiful it is!" And thus replying,

Naught more the little maid would have to say,

But smiling straight into the yellow sunset,

Left me to go my way.

\* \* \* \* \*



"Stand smiling in  
the sun!"

Homeward I walk across the lonely meadows—  
The evening has begun.

But often, when the way is dark with shadows,

A light breaks softly through the gathering  
dun;

I see, beside a wall, a little maiden

Stand smiling in the sun!



### OLD FREEMAN'S CEILING.

THE ceiling of old Freeman's dining-room had always been a marvel to those who did not know the master of the house. The roguish faces of faun and nymph showed forth from wreathed vines and clusters of purple grapes, in strange contrast to the round red face of the retired pork merchant, who sat, as it were, under the shadow of his own vine and fig trees.

"Old Freeman," he had been called almost from his birth, and "Old Freeman" would he be to his dying day; even his portly, grammar-murdering wife spoke thus of him to strangers, and his pretty Polly, "Miss Marie Freeman," as her visiting cards set forth, more than once came near letting slip from her tongue the undignified sobriquet that her better education had taught her to despise.

In truth, then, old Freeman's ceiling was indeed a novelty. Could it have been a Circe-like scene that the artist had attempted to portray? If so, the satire was a broad as well as a pointed one, and to most people it would have seemed curious to note the entire obtuseness to this view of the subject as seen through the gold spectacles of old Freeman himself.

Droves of pigs frieked and pranced over the ceiling, not great and fleshy porkers, but dude-like little animals, with a neat curl in their tails and the cleanest and pinkest of skins. Some capered here and there, in and out amidst the foliage and vines, that stretched their broad branches and tendrils from side to side of the room; others, on their hind feet, danced in time to the unheard music of Pan and his troop of Satyrs; whilst still others, in different stages of merry inebriety, appeared to wink at the gazer from their small, round eyes, with a comically human expression of secrecy and confidence. The central figure of this wreathed dance was the great god Pan, blowing on his reedy pipes with a right good will, and inspiring by his music the whirling dancers. The coloring was perfect, the drawing and grouping superb, and the artist's name was sure to be demanded in the same breath that gave vent to the astonishment, and many times to the merriment, of the spectators. But a strict silence was kept upon the subject, and no effort of curiosity seeker or art amateur could extort that secret from the honest old pork merchant.

"He's nobody who'll thank you for bothering him," he replied to such inquiries. "I can tell you one thing, he's got as much sense as a pig, and that's what can't be said about everybody."

Occasionally old Freeman's son-in-law, the handsome Jules Hervé, looked at the ceiling with a contemplative air, and turned to his pretty, dark-eyed wife, saying with a smile and a shrug, "So far, we have baffled society."

After old Freeman had moved into the brand-new mansion that might have stood to the porcine world a vast monument in memory of numberless deceased porkers who had contributed their last squeal toward its erection, the glaring white plaster of the walls had offended the æsthetic taste of Miss Marie Freeman, just returned from boarding-school.

"Twill never do," she had said to her mother, as the two sat in solemn conclave over interior decorations. "The walls must be tinted and the ceilings painted. This glare is simply dreadful."

Mrs. Freeman, more intent upon the success of the cook and housemaid than Cupids or Psyche, placidly acquiesced, nodding her massive head at her daughter like a Chinese mandarin.

"Do what you please, Polly," her father said; "you've got lots of money to do it with; fix up just as handsome as you like, and never mind what it costs. I'll bet you'll take the shine out of them highfalutin' fellows yet."

So it was in accordance with this permission that Miss Freeman started out one day to find and engage the "painter chap," as her father called him.

The office was in the fifth story of a large marble building, and Miss Freeman, entering the elevator, was rapidly borne aloft. Arriving, as she thought, at her destination, she signaled the elevator-boy, and stepped out on a long hall, upon which numerous apartments appeared to open.

The name was certainly "Hervey," she pondered, while examining the names on the small tin plates tacked upon each door. Finally the name "*Hervé's*" caught her eye—yes, that was the name, she remembered now. The door stood a trifle open, and she knocked timidly. No answer was returned, and she repeated her summons more loudly; but silence reigned absolute.

Gently pushing open the door, she peeped into the room. What a lovely room for a "painter chap," was her first impression. Soft light streamed through the veiled glass of a large window; Turkish rugs lay strewn around the floor; plaster casts on the walls peeped from the midst of old armor; the antique carved mantelpiece and screen, with a rich India shawl thrown carelessly across one corner, bespoke both taste and wealth; portfolios of etchings and sketches lay here and there, the contents of which, apparently too numerous for their receptacles, overflowed on table, chair, and floor, while confronting her was a picture—a wonderfully beautiful picture—of soft Italian skies and brilliant sunset tints, the colors hardly dry upon it, and palette and brushes thrown on a chair near at hand.

She stood before it entranced; presently a slight sound interrupted her intensity of gaze, and causing her to turn quickly, she found herself confronted by a gentleman in a velvet jacket, whose



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look of surprise was hidden by a smile of courtesy. This "painter chap" certainly was a well-bred gentleman, so Miss Freeman thought, as she spoke with an embarrassed blush:

"You are Mr. Hervey, are you not, sir?"

"At your service, mademoiselle," replied the gentleman, with a bow and a strong French accent.

"And you are a painter, are you not?" continued Miss Freeman, her color mounting still higher. "I—that is, my father, I mean—we want you to paint our walls and ceilings. How soon can you make an engagement with us?"

Could the naughty marble Cupid in the corner have shot at and hit his mark on the broad breast of Jules Hervrés? for he paused one moment, looked in her charming, blushing face, and seemingly having arrived at some conclusion both amusing and agreeable to himself, made answer, with a smile in his eyes:

"Yes, mademoiselle; I am a painter, and I will paint your father's walls and ceilings for him—for you—for the family. Shall I come to-morrow?"

"Oh! yes," she answered; "the sooner the better;" and handing him her card, swept from the room, with a smiling, graceful bow.

Not until she was far on her way toward home did she recollect that she had not asked him his terms, but she consoled herself with the thought that the handsome "painter chap" and her father could settle business matters to their satisfaction on the morrow.

The next day came, and the next and the next, and the "painter chap" painted industriously. Forms of beauty grew from under his hand, like pictures from a magic lantern, and exclamations of satisfaction and delight went up from every member of the Freeman family.

The artist, however, needed much overseeing and advice, and no one seemed capable of giving it but Miss Freeman; and many a puzzled look and wise shake of the pretty head was lavished over dry geometrical designs or glowing festoons of fruit and flower.

The work grew rapidly apace and all ran smoothly until the dining-room was reached, when old Freeman, for the first time, made a decided stand and insisted upon the portraits of his favorite animals being reproduced over his head.

In vain did his wife and daughter, strengthened by the horrified protestations of the artist, oppose him; for, like many other natures, his obstinacy only thrived upon the impediments placed in the way.

"I will have them," he said, bringing down his hand upon the table with a thump; "you've all had your own way—now I'll have mine. I aint going back on the friends that have put me where I am," and, taking his plethoric wallet from his

pocket, slapped it with much satisfaction, saying, in conclusion: "If you can find anything, Mr. Painter, that will fill your pocket-book better than pigs has mine, just you come here and tell me about it. Them pigs I'm going to have, whether Mrs. F. and Polly likes it or not; so you go ahead and paint them and I'll see they do as well by you as they have for me."

So the pigs went in, and Jules Hervrés, after the first shock to his artistic instinct had expended its force, became possessed of the humor of the thing and painted as though by inspiration.

By and by the ceiling was finished, spreading its fair expanse over the hospitable board of the retired pork-packer, who expressed his satisfaction and delight, calling upon the "painter chap" to "settle up," which he did in a novel manner, starting old Freeman by demanding—not his ducats but his daughter, and explaining that it was love for Miss Freeman that had induced him to employ his talents in so novel a direction.

"I always thought it strange, Jules," said Marie Freeman, blushing, as she gave him her hand, "that a man who could produce such a lovely picture as I saw in your studio should be willing to paint walls and ceilings."

"You forget the greatest of us all, our divine Michelangelo," answered Jules Hervrés; then, casting an upward glance at his future father-in-law's ceiling, said, with a sigh: "*Ah mon Dieu!* Marie, however happy a chance it was that landed you upon the fourth, instead of the fifth, story, do not—do not let society know that your price was a drove of swine."

HOWARD W. STOWE.

OUR DUTY.—The wish that life were over is a sort of internal suicide, and whoever puts one bitter drop into the cup of another helps him to this end. Many deaths occur that we ascribe to some regularly labeled disease and mourn as bereavements which are really due to men's neglect or unkindness or demoralizing influence, which has gradually eaten away the powers, the happiness, the very springs of life. Many lives that we deem precious might be prolonged for many years by the simple fulfillment of our duty and expression of our love toward them; for good of every kind tends to life and vital power, while all evil and all distress tend to and hasten death.

THOSE who probe curiously into their friend's secret thoughts or heart, who insist on knowing all that can be told, and guessing the rest, who would force upon him their own opinions or tastes or habits, must not be surprised if the love which they fondly imagine gives them the right to do this eludes their grasp. The trust that upholds love and is worthy of it respects the personality of its object and wishes not to intrude upon it.

## KENT KILGOUR'S PARTY.

KENT KILGOUR was a bright, wide-awake girl of eighteen years, with a genius—not for music nor painting nor for writing books, but for, perhaps, a better thing—comfort. She was like a thread of scarlet in a duller-hued texture, a little flame on the hearth on a chilly and damp evening, or a breeze stirring little ripples into motion. The "other girls" said that Kent's name was just like her, cool and quick, and all alive to her very finger-tips with fun and friendliness. But Kent was always feeling herself "checked up" in the realization of the bright scenes that flitted across her busy brain, by a very vivid remembrance of the purse at home—how limp and flat it looked after the rent had been paid, and

"The butcher, the baker,  
And the candlestick-maker,"

as she sang to an improvised tune now to amuse the baby, had had their share from it.

"Aunt Margaret," she broke out abruptly, turning to a sweet-faced lady who was mending a tiny dress by the window in a low rocking-chair, "do you know what girls are? They are just one big, continual want, and I hate them for it."

Aunt Margaret looked up and smiled. She had rosemary, as well as rue, in her garden of life, and, like Agatha in George Eliot's poem, she "*loved to see young things merry.*"

"That is," went on Kent, a little more calmly after her outburst, "I hate myself when I see mamma looking uneasy about accounts and bills, and know that I want—O Aunt Margaret! with all my heart, I want—"

"Well, dear?" said her aunt, as Kent paused and looked rosy and half ashamed.

"I am afraid even you will be shocked when I tell you; but I want—a party."

And having made her confession, Kent began to take the baby up for his bath.

Aunt Margaret did not speak for a moment or two, she even looked a little graver; but presently she smiled across at the baby splashing ecstatically in the tub and showing all his dimples with infantile laughter, to Kent's unspeakable delight, and said:

"I don't think your wish is a very strange one—for a girl."

"But, auntie, dear; I know you have had your thinking-cap on for me!"

"Yes; and I am very sure of this—and I know you are too, my child—that we must not use any money that would belong rightly to any one else's need or comfort."

"Oh! no, but—" and Kent paused again. She was dressing the baby now, and that made such a convenient parenthesis.

"Your grandfather means to give you the money for a set of furs this winter."

"I know that, auntie, and oh! I would so much rather have the party."

"I think, if you have any good reason to give for your preference"—with a little smile—"he would be willing to give you the money instead of the furs, to do with as you liked best."

"A good reason, auntie? I think my reason is a very good one—I have gone to so many parties that the other girls have given, and had such a good time—and I could not have the face to keep on receiving pleasures all the time and not try to give some in return. If I can't do that I'll have to stop going to parties—and, auntie, I'm just eighteen!" and Kent's brown head went down suddenly over the baby's last buttonholes with something very like a sob. When she looked up again her eyes were bright, but it was "the clear shining after the rain."

"It's on the paying-back principle then," said Aunt Margaret, but there was a world of sympathy in her voice.

"Yes, auntie, that's just it. I want to be honest, even about social pleasures. I hope I don't want only to give to those who have given to me and to leave everybody else outside, but I do want to give to them very much."

"I don't see that it can't be done," said Aunt Margaret, going through some very rapid calculating in her head and leaping, woman-like, to a sudden conclusion. And she laughed a soft, merry little laugh, which she had kept from her youthful days—a laugh that made all young people sure that Aunt Margaret would understand exactly what they meant, even if, as was often the case, they were not perfectly sure themselves.

"You dear auntie!" exclaimed Kent, as she bent down in passing to give her a fervent kiss, "you always do see crooked things straight—or make them so—for me. You are the best auntie that ever was!" And she went out singing to give baby his breakfast.

It could be done, she felt sure, after aunt had said that much, but it was one thing to believe so with a fresh, untired mind, another, quite different, to make mother—poor mother was more tired and more timid than Kent, equally as sure of it. And Kent would rather have given up her party altogether than have her mother pay for it by small, harassing economies and head-aching devices. If she had not been, I, for one, should not care to tell the history of it.

But this was not the last talk with Aunt Margaret. There had to be much planning and plotting, of a most innocent kind, before the different pieces would seem to fit even to Kent's eager wishes.

"And all the wrinkles must be smoothed out, auntie, before we tell mamma," whispered Kent, as she came up from her mother's room with a whole pile of small clothes in her arms, for it was



one of her Saturday tasks "to help mamma a little with the Department of Dilapidations," as the wardrobes of three small boys and one smaller girl, who was their daily playfellow, had gotten to

on the important question of ways and means now," asked Aunt Margaret, shutting down her desk and bringing out her work-basket likewise.

"First, that if it is to be at all it must be a



be called in the family dialect; for all families have a dialect in which little troubles must be translated, either into jests or worries, and Kent was very quick at the first.

"Well, what point has the committee reached

birthday-party—that would be the thirteenth of November—because I might, with a quiet conscience, use all the small mites in the shape of family birthday gifts for my party. You know papa and mamma and you always come to the



front then, and so does Harry, now that he has gotten into business. We will have all that to begin with."

"Besides the furs," suggested Aunt Margaret.

"What'll sister do with furs for a party, Aunt Marg'et?" asked a small voice from the corner of the lounge; "she can't eat them."

"Bless the child! she has heard every word. Yes, darling, that is just what sister wants to do. Auntie, you'll have to break it to mamma to-day or Hester will."

"Me don't break things," said Hester, firmly, "and me don't like furs to eat, either."

"Never mind then, my pet; you shall have something nicer," and then, turning again to her aunt, she went on: "Grandfather was so kind; he listened to all my reasons, and then he said I should have the money if mamma entirely approved of my choice. So it all depends on that."

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, quietly.

"Of course, I shall be very comfortable without them, for my cloak is a very warm one, but I know that mamma had quite set her heart on a particular set of furs she wanted me to wear, and I'm afraid it will be a disappointment to her," and Kent gave a little sigh.

"I will have a 'preliminary talk' with your mother this afternoon," said Aunt Margaret, "and then you can tell her all you have thought of, and, Kent, you must leave it entirely to her to decide."

"I will," said Kent, "and I'll try to be brave if she says 'no,' but I do hope it will be 'yes.'"

Aunt Margaret's "*preliminaries*," as Kent called them, often had more to do with the granting of her wishes by parents and grandparents than she dreamed; for she could put forth wiser reasons and more convincing arguments than Kent's impetuous imagination would have used. It was a right thing, she thought, that a young girl should have social enjoyment so far as it could be given her without the dishonesty of undue expense and the untruthful show of wealth where it did not exist.

The mother's heart was very quick to perceive the disadvantage to Kent of the one-sided position of receiving social favors continually without returning them, and although, as Kent had feared, she had pictured to herself with delight and pride how pretty the fair young face would look in the rich furs her grandfather had selected for her, she at length gave her consent to the party.

Some misgivings would occur now and then however; and one day she came into her sister's room with rather a perturbed countenance. "I am afraid I have been rather unwise in consenting to the child's wish, after all," Kent looked up anxiously from the mats she was crocheting. "We have not once thought of the flowers for the

table or the parlors, and they are so expensive at that season."

Aunt Margaret thought carefully. "It is true that there will be very little to spend in that way, unless the number of guests is very much limited."

"I should be so sorry to leave any of my friends out," said Kate, in a low voice which she was trying to keep steady.

"I don't see how it can be done," said the mother, and she shook her head.

"Miss Kent," said the pale little dressmaker from the window—Miss Jenkins was so silent that they had quite forgotten she was there, though Kent had seen she was comfortable, and had brought her a glass of lemonade and some cake when she first came in, seeing that she looked tired. At the sound of her voice everybody looked around, and Miss Jenkins dropped her scissors nervously, and then began her sentence over again.

"Mrs. Kilgour, if you would not think it a liberty, ma'am, I could bring you any quantity of smilax, and, maybe, some flowers, too, for dressing the supper-table."

"O Miss Jenkins!" exclaimed Kent, eagerly, before her mother could answer, "how very kind that is in you. But where could you get the smilax?"

"Well, Miss Kent, you know I get a good deal of sewing to do at the White House this winter—not for Mrs. McElroy, of course, but the servants—and whenever President Arthur has a dinner they give away the smilax (and some of the flowers often) to any of the servants that want it, and the person I sew for would get it for me, I am sure, if she knew I wished it, for she is very kind to me, ma'am, about a great many things. She used to know my people well before either of us came to Washington."

A look at Kent's face, flushed and delighted, checked any demurring on the mother's part, and she cordially accepted Miss Jenkins's offer, who, on her side, was only too happy "and proud," as she said afterward to her friend at the White House, "to give a pleasure to that sweet young lady who is always so bright and so kind-spoken to me. She never forgets to see that I have a comfortable seat and a good light for my sewing, no matter who's there; and a great favorite she is with all the young gentlemen—and the young ladies too—that I can see."

"She isn't in the fashionable circles, is she?" asked "the person at the White House," rather incredulous about unfashionable perfection.

"Maybe not," said Miss Jenkins, a little quickly, "but there's many a one in that ought to be out, and then again some are outside that deserve the very best to be in."

"That's so," assented her friend, and proceeded to relate some incidents of social manners she had

herself witnessed from the back stairs at some of the more public entertainments.

In the meanwhile, another unexpected stroke of good luck had befallen Kent. Her Aunt Margaret and herself had gone to a florist to inquire the prices of flowers for table decoration; and in a few moments Kent's asides to her aunt, and her exclamations over the beautiful blossoms and scarcely less beautiful leaves, had given the bright-eyed German woman quite a history of the birthday party, and the wishes and funds that were so ill matched with each other.

She smiled at Kent's enthusiasm over a magnificent calla, loaded with pure white lilies, and then asked, as if a sudden recollection had occurred to her, "Is not this Miss Kilgour—the good Doctor's daughter?"

"My father is Dr. Kilgour," said Kent.

"Ah! the good Doctor," cried the woman, clasping her hands. "He was so kind to my little Bertha, and brought her back to health when the child was so ill. Ah! he is always kind—he would not let Gottlieb pay his bill for long—oh! a long time—till Gottlieb was quite comfortable again."

She seemed quite absent-minded after that, until, hearing her husband's step in the next room, she begged the ladies to excuse her "one—three minutes," and bustled off to have a whispered consultation with him.

"Auntie, that must have been the little German girl about my age that papa was so interested in two or three years ago. Don't you remember he said the family were so poor, but so neat and thrifty? He used to tell us very often about 'the little Bertha.'"

Dr. Kilgour was a man of warm sympathy and ready benevolence, and did many unknown deeds of kindness. Even his family, although they knew that his work far exceeded his pay, were not aware of the many poor patients from whom he would not take the scanty earnings needed for better food or warmer clothes or rest, if health was to be retained.

Before Aunt Margaret could answer, the woman and her husband, a broad, good-natured looking German, entered. He was rubbing his hands and smiling.

"My wife tells me that this young lady is Dr. Kilgour's daughter, and that she is to have a birthday feast?" with a marked German accent.

Kent said "Yes; and she had come to look at some of his lovely flowers."

"Then, if the young lady would like it, I will bring her some of my growing flowers in the evening to make the room and tables look more bright and gay, and I can call for them the next morning. She will not need so many cut flowers."

Kent could scarcely speak for delight, but the old gardener, who saw her genuine love for flow-

ers, seemed to be perfectly satisfied with her thanks, and the arrangement was completed.

She felt like dancing along the avenue, and could with difficulty restrain herself so that she would not leave "auntie" far behind her, in her eagerness to tell mamma her good fortune.

"Isn't it like a beautiful story? I never knew things to happen just so nicely before."

"It never rains, but it pours," says the old adage, and Kent, pirouetting through the hall, caught sight of an envelope in Harry's well-known handwriting—and stopped, of course, to open that, and out dropped fifteen dollars, instead of the five she had expected, with a line hurriedly scrawled:

*"For Kent's birthday party. I will be sure to come."*

"I like that better than the money!" cried Kent, and seeing mamma on the steps, she ran to tell her the good news, but I fear, if Aunt Margaret had not been on the ground to elucidate matters, that her mother would have been convinced that Harry had sent her flowers and the good old German had given her fifteen dollars because she was so like one of Dr. Kilgour's former patients.

Aunt Margaret was convinced that no prettier sight need have been seen than Kent and the little Hester on the morning of the day of the party as Bertha's plants began to arrive. Kent, with her rare good taste and intense love for flowers, looked like a very garden nymph as her tall, graceful form and sweet face peered forth from beneath the delicate ferns and beautiful blossoms she placed here and there to good advantage, and the little Hester, sitting on the floor in the midst of the lovely flowers, seemed to borrow the tints of the roses and lilies in her innocent face.

The few modest flowers Kent ordered turned out quite a different thing when "the little Bertha"—little no longer—and her mother added now a bud and then a cluster, "only for good wishes to the young lady on her birthday feast." But when Gottlieb arrived with his plants there was so magnificent a show of dazzling geraniums, of lilies and roses and long sprays of fragrant heliotrope that the rooms were like a scene of glamour and enchantment on that "snowy, blowy" November night! And the next morning, when Aunt Margaret and Mrs. Kilgour returned the plants to the good florist, not one was injured or broken, which I fear they considered the best of all, for each had entertained some anxious thoughts about the safety of the handsome flowers.

The party was a success. Kent had a gift for entertaining, and there was a sparkle and life about her that "kept the game going," as one of the boys said. Even Dr. Kilgour, a little tired and unused to gaiety, declared he never saw a prettier sight than all the many young faces of the

dancers in the lighted and flower-decked rooms as he entered from the storm outside, which no one heeded the least in the world.

Two or three days afterward Kent, walking briskly up the street, met an old friend, Jennie Hayden, and her friend, Miss Royal, of Baltimore; Jennie's uncle, Mr. Whitney, and her cousin, Randolph Whitney, just returned from Germany and France, were also with her.

Jennie stopped Kent at once with an exclamation of pleasure, and introductions followed. Randolph Whitney had heard of "Kent" and "Kent Kilgour's party" a hundred times since he had been with his Cousin Jennie, and looked up with interest at her bright, intelligent face. He did not generally care for young ladies, perhaps because his wealth and personal attractiveness had secured him a good deal of their notice, but this young girl looked as if she possessed character and originality.

"O Kent!" said Jennie, "aren't you glad it is so cold? I have just been looking at those furs your grandfather promised you, and they are beautiful!" (Jennie had noticed Miss Royal's look at Kent's simple though comfortable cloak.)

"I gave up the furs to have my party," said Kent; "I was very glad that grandfather was so kind as to let me make the exchange."

Jennie felt Miss Royal's expression, but went on:

"I don't wonder you were willing to exchange, for your party was such a charming one. And such superb flowers—why, Kent, they must have cost a small fortune. I was just telling Laura that I had never seen handsomer plants at any entertainment this season. I just dreamed of those lilies—they were like Fairyland, and the more, too, coming in out of the snow as we did, and finding the air full of the fragrance and light and music!"

Kent smiled a proud little smile; she, too, had seen Miss Royal's look, and knew she was well aware of her poverty, and a thought had flashed through her brain before Jennie's words had ceased—"At any rate, she shall not think papa and mamma were extravagant and dishonest."

"It was like a fairy story in reality, Jennie," and she told, very prettily, the story of the flowers, and quite touched some of her listeners by her sketch of the kindly, grateful German household. She ended by saying, "You know papa, with his very small income, could never have afforded to give me such flowers, and I would not have thought it right to ask him."

Jennie blushed when Kent paused, and Miss Royal looked unutterable things, but Mr. Whitney quietly asked the number of her father's office and told her he would go there to call this morning.

"He was an old college friend of mine, and I should be glad to meet him again."

"You may not find him this morning," said Kent; "will you not come this evening and see him at home? I am sure he would enjoy seeing you so much."

Mr. Whitney accepted this amendment, and Kent bade them good morning and hastened on.

"Who but Kent Kilgour would have made such a speech as that about their poverty! It was such bad taste," and Miss Royal's lips curled.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Whitney, gravely, "I admired her honesty. I know Kilgour well, and knew of his limited means, and when I heard Jennie talk of this party I considered it only another instance of the social dishonesty and falsehood that are ruining so many households in this country of ours, and I thought, if my old friend has changed so for the worse as to have fallen into this system of social lying, I should find it more a sadness than a pleasure to meet him. But his daughter has made the whole thing clear."

"How did you like her, Randolph?" asked Jennie, a little curiosity in her tone.

"Very much. She is charming, and I shall beg leave to accompany my father this evening if he will take me."

Miss Royal soon afterward left them, and Jennie asked again:

"Did you really admire Kent's frankness, Randolph, or did you only say that to tease Laura? I know you don't like her."

Randolph Whitney's eyes smiled, but he answered, gravely:

"I really thought Miss Kilgour the most attractive girl I had met in Washington."

"I am so glad," said Jennie, "but I should never have had her moral courage, I know, when Laura was looking so contemptuous. I am not half as truthful as Kent."

"Why, Jennie," said Randolph, laughing, "I always thought you such a very truthful, honest little girl! What wiles and stratagems have you been using?"

"None," said Jennie, honestly; "but I am truthful, because I have no temptation to be otherwise, and Kent is so in spite of it."

"I shall not believe a word you say against yourself," said her cousin, "especially since you have introduced me to your friend."

Randolph Whitney's sudden liking was not short lived. Kent and himself were soon friends, and after that lovers; and a long and happy married life will always be traced back by Kent to her first party, which had proven to be, in a most unexpected way, the chief episode of her life. And there is one verse in the Scriptures which Randolph Whitney never hears without thinking of Kent and her sweet, honest face:

*"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."*

E. F. M.

## A DIFFICULT TRUST.\*

BY H. S. ATWATER.

## CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES MARSDEN was house-cleaning—not with the usual accompaniments of scrub-brush and broom, but in a complete upheaval and rooting out of all odd and neglected corners of his bachelor-quarters, and the result of this disturbing process was a motley and astonishing combination of articles staring him in the face from his writing-table, that he had constituted the ocean into which these tributary streams were poured.

"I wish I hadn't undertaken it," he muttered, ruefully, casting a despairing glance at the pile of old letters, memorandum-books, torn kid gloves, half-worn cravats, prospectus of various kinds, and several elaborate menu cards, while in their midst, half hidden, lay a small parcel tied with narrow blue ribbon.

Charles Marsden, in his office and business life, allowed no latitude to exactness; every pigeon-hole in his desk was kept in scrupulous order, the contents of his fire-proof were squared to a hair's breadth, and he could have almost laid his hand, without the aid of light, upon any book in his dry law library. These orderly habits had influenced greatly in his favor the good opinion of his clients; for they, drawing a natural inference, dubbed Marsden as exact by nature and most business-like in every particular. "One could not but have confidence in placing their affairs in the hands of so methodical a person, not in the least likely, you know, to overlook or neglect any point whatever."

His one clerk, for Charles Marsden was not as yet sufficiently well launched to indulge in a more extended establishment, stood in mortal terror of the quiet, searching glance, that detected the slightest infringement of the "divine order" of things—a glance that was sure to be followed by some equally quiet, but sarcastic, remark, under which the unfortunate culprit writhed mentally. Not that James Bentley would have found fault with his patron, who had come to the aid of his widowed mother against her unjust creditor and who paid him fully for his work; for, on the contrary, the mantle of his employer, in this respect, seemed to have descended upon his own shoulders and his circle of intimates suffered in their turn through his agency, as if he had passed on to them the missile thrown at him, and thereby ridding his nature of any lurking spirit of discontent.

"Ah! he's a cool cuss," he said, admiringly, of his master to a friend, "but you ought to see how he walks into a fellow sometimes, and all the while as quiet and cool as a cucumber; he's none of your red-faced fellows, stamping and swearing

around, but, I tell you, he makes a man stand from under quicker in ten minutes than the other one would do in a day, and don't you forget it; it beats all ever I saw how he does it."

"He's tough if he gets the better of you, Jimmy," replied his friend, with delicate flattery.

"You'd better believe so," said the incipient judge, accepting this homage as an every-day affair; "a man 'ud have to get up before light to do that; but we lawyers, you know," with a cunning wink, "know a thing or two, especially those who are in the confidence of their elders, like your humble servant," and, setting his high shirt collar, he coughed with due importance.

From a higher source, one no less than a judge of the Supreme Court, was Jimmy Bentley corroborated in the words, "there's not a more promising lawyer in the State, sir, and we shall have him on the bench before many years; his coolness, clearness of argument, and persistency in pushing his point, are remarkable; he will make his mark without doubt." To which, his friend, a leading capitalist with a sporting tendency, replied, "Yes, he has his team well in hand, and will be in at the finish before the bell strikes."

"He should have been a broker," chimed in a gentleman well known to the Board; "he's plucky enough to dare anything and don't lose his head, as one-half of these fellows do."

"He's more than all that," spoke the wife of the first speaker; "he is one of the most delightful men I ever met. Our young girls admire him, but I think some of them are a little afraid of him; for I'll admit that he has a quiet way of replying to their slipperies that pleases me immensely, but which cannot fail to provoke in them either thought or a feeling of resentment, according to their different temperaments."

So the world viewed Charles Marsden, and Elinor Ames would have corroborated it, going beyond the highest praise; for none knew better than herself the delicate kindness and consideration of her old playfellow.

But there was a volcanic side to this man's nature which the world and even his friends little suspected, and strong passions lay smoldering, ready to be fanned into existence when the vivifying breath should come. There was a strength of concentration in Charles Marsden that, showing itself through all he did, indicated to an analytical mind that he would be thoroughly in earnest in all he undertook, and the question would come up whether, if his affections were deeply touched, might they not possibly override all other considerations; but it could only be an overmastering passion that would thus counterbalance his judgment, and most unlikely, it would seem, for he possessed much of the higher wisdom of the old adage, "Know thyself," and kept strict watch and ward over the fiery treasures of his heart, standing

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on the alert to rule and regulate his inner, as well as outer, life, by the maxims which had become, as it were, the guide-posts on his roadway.

In no way but one was this unsuspected aide permitted to manifest itself, but crop out it did in the curious manner in which he allowed himself to slip away from his methodical habits. There was one small secretary in his sitting-room always carefully locked, and in which disorder ran riot. It was a positive delight to him to feel that he could open the drawers and toss into them at random anything and everything he wished out of sight and yet was reluctant to destroy; and it was with a feeling of throwing off encumbering shackles, that he turned at times to this chaos of odds and ends; a half savage feeling of defiance of custom took possession of him at such a time, and he plunged into the vortex in search of the especial object desired with an exhilaration of feeling of which he was ashamed and which at the same time filled him with a curious sense of uneasiness. Once in a while the capacity of the secretary becoming exhausted Charles Marsden was obliged to resort to a regulating process, which both irritated and amused him, for though at such times, if he recalled many circumstances that brought a smile to his lips, he occasionally struck a hidden thorn that in spite of his well-balanced feelings caused him to wince, and so it was in this instance.

"Well," he thought emphatically, "I might as well make a commencement and get through with what I cannot avoid. Ha!" he exclaimed, as his eyes rested upon the before-mentioned package, "so you are there again, are you? Last time I cleaned house I hadn't the heart to throw you away, but I don't think the wound stings a particle now, so here goes;" and turning the key in his door, he threw a chair up to the table and proceeded to his unpleasant task. To note the perfectly cool and business-like manner in which he cut the ribbon, throwing it aside into his scrap-basket, an observer, had there been one, would never have imagined that the contents of the parcel had been other than a lawyer's brief, the deed of a house, or some other equally uninteresting thing. No trace of feeling beyond a contemptuous half smile showed itself as he unwrapped the dainty covering, about which still lingered a faint perfume, and took therefrom a bundle of old letters, a locket set with turquoise, and a small ring-box. "The usual accompaniments of a past love affair," he muttered sardonically, "minus, however, the broken heart. Mine did suffer, I really believe for a while, but I knew Thalia well enough to dispense with worriment on her account. Did I ever really love her?" his thoughts ran on as he leaned back in his chair, musingly. "I'm almost inclined to think I never did; I suppose there is such a thing as being mis-

taken about a matter of that kind, and though our experience was a deliciously absorbing dream for the time being, I doubt if it was the genuine article, else I should not have recovered so rapidly, for I know I am capable of something better, though Thalia Winthrop, with her charming ways and selfish heart, is not a woman to stir a man's nature to its depths. Pshaw!" he contemptuously thought, "what's the use of going over the ground again; I despise myself when I think what a fool a girl made of me."

He paused, uncertain in his mind in what manner he should dispose of this difficult property. The letters were torn into shreds without being read, and unceremoniously tossed into the catch-all, the locket and ring-box were made into a small parcel and placed in the breast pocket of his coat. He would take a walk to the shore that afternoon, he thought, and throw it, freighted with a large stone, into the blue waters of Long Island Sound, and the thought of its possible reappearance like the ring of Polycrates, gave birth to a smile at the absurdity of the idea.

That these souvenirs must be disposed of somehow was his feeling, for so long as they were in his possession they were reminders of what he considered a by-gone folly, and as such he all but detested them. Somehow, across his mental vision drifted the pure pale face of Elinor Ames upturned in the white moonlight, and a faint odor of honeysuckle seemed wafted in his window.

His thoughts rapidly reviewed their long years of constant friendship, the true-hearted loyalty of the impulsive child; the shy independence of the school-girl, and the fearless honesty and sweet cordiality of the woman; an involuntary sigh escaped the practical lawyer. "Sweet Elinor Ames," he thought, "were all women as true to themselves as you are, how much better this world would be."

Suddenly there came a knock at his door, and sharply roused him. "Who is there," he called.

"Buckingham," answered a tenor voice.

"All right, Ned," responded Marsden, hustling back into its receptacle the miscellaneous assortment on the table. Not for the world would he have exhibited his one weak spot to his friend.

Hurriedly turning the key in his secretary, he unlocked his door, and shaking hands cordially, drew his visitor, a slender young man with blonde hair and mustache, into his room.

"Sit down, Ned, I'm glad to see you. Have a smoke?" said Marsden, holding out a cigar-case to his friend.

"No, thanks, Charles," replied the young man, still standing; "would like to sit down, but am in a desperate hurry. Had orders from the firm to sail for Australia by next steamer; year's journey anyhow, and affairs all sizes and sevens on 'Change. See here, Marsden, I want you to have



an eye on things for me, will you, and keep me posted; that's a good fellow. I'll leave this power of attorney with you, so you can act if you find it necessary, and here"—taking a packet from his inner pocket—"is fifty thousand dollars in mining stock that I wish you'd lock up in your fire-proof for me. Can't tell whether it's worth its face or not, but a good deal seems to depend upon a careful manipulation and a strict watch on the markets. You are about as cool-headed a fellow as I know, and I'd give a handsome percentage to have it off my mind."

"Phew, Ned! you take a man's breath away; let me see if I have caught your meaning rightly. In this packet, you say, there is mining stock, which may or may not prove good to the value of fifty thousand dollars, and this is a power of attorney for me to execute your business in your absence. Ned, you must have a good deal of confidence in me."

"To be sure I have, old fellow—a deuced sight more than I have in any bank since it's become the fashion for the cashiers to take a European or South American trip with one's 'filthy lucre.'"

"Thanks, Ned; much obliged, but frankly, I don't care about taking such a responsibility; you know the unsteady and fluctuating market, especially in stocks of this description."

"Exactly, and that's why I wish you'd oblige me if you can. Upon my soul, I don't know another man I'd go to, and besides, I have but twenty-four hours before me, and really cannot think what I shall do if you refuse me; couldn't recommend anything else, eh?"

"Trust companies," proposed his friend.

"Confound trust companies," replied Ned Buckingham, impatiently; "I've no time to fool with so much red tape; don't you see I've got to be off to-morrow at daybreak, and to-day is Sunday? so of course, it settles that."

"Very well then, Ned; I'll do the best I can for you, rest assured of that, and if things don't turn out as well as you expect, you mustn't blame me."

And Charles Marsden, seating himself at the table, drew toward him pen, ink, and paper, and wrote out in due form a receipt for the bonds entrusted to his keeping. He pushed the paper over to Buckingham, and rapidly reviewing the bonds made two memoranda of their numbers and amounts, one of which he handed to his friend, and the other he deposited with the rest of the papers in his small, fire-proof safe, that fitted into the wall of his room.

While thus engaged, Buckingham, half sitting on the edge of the table, pushed aside a letter, which dropping to the floor he stooped to pick up. There, close beside it, laid a lock of fair, silky hair.

"Ah!" he thought, "my dignified friend, so you are not above the rest of mankind in your little weaknesses."

Charles Marsden, returning to the table from the safe, came *vis-à-vis* to Buckingham, with the lock of hair in his hand and a mischievous amusement in his eyes.

"You don't treat it very well, Marsden," he said, holding it out to his friend, the corners of his mouth twitching with laughter.

A great wave of color swept over Charles Marsden's face, but quietly taking it from his friend he threw it on the table, where it fell apart in shimmering gold, and answered briefly, "My sister."

"Ah! I see, it's nice to have a sister," plaintively came from back of the blonde mustache. "I wish I had a sister; can't you introduce me to yours, Marsden?"

"No, sir," short and sharp came the reply, and the young man saw that he had ventured far enough.

"I must be off," he exclaimed, straightening himself up and holding out his hand. "I have a thousand and one things to attend to, and but a short time in which to look after them. Am tremendously obliged to you, Marsden, for your kindness in this business, and I won't forget it in a hurry, I assure you."

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Charles, heartily grasping his hand and anxious to dispel any unpleasant feeling; "good luck go with you; anything I can do to serve you, you know where to find me. Let us hear from you once in awhile. I wouldn't mind being in your place; you will have a good chance to see something of the world."

"Yes, I'm likely to have more than I want of it before I'm through. I wish you were going along, however—" A sigh finished the sentence.

There was a silent hand-grasp, a long, earnest look passed between the two young men, and Charles Marsden was alone.

"Just like Buckingham," he thought; "he is the most unmethodical fellow I ever knew; wonder he hasn't turned out a bankrupt long ago, but he always was a lucky dog. Confound it," he angrily exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the strands of hair lying on the table, "I'm almost glad Ned is going away to-morrow, or this would have been all over the clubs. Serves me right, though, for my carelessness. I thought I had sent it back with the rest of the mementos of an endlessly faithful love; funny, isn't it—that love?" And with a grim laugh, he swept it off the table into a sheet of paper, and taking from his pocket the small parcel containing the locket and ring-box, and inclosing together, returned them to the place from whence he had taken them.

He sauntered to the window, his hands in his pockets, softly whistling to himself. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and the tones of the organ from the church across the street floated over to him, mingled with the rich strains of a robin singing to his mate in a neighboring elm-tree.

Charles took in the beauty of the sunlight, and absorbed the sweet sounds half unconsciously, quite understanding that the charm was there, but feeling at the same time that it was, after all, a work-a-day world, ambition and power in the long run being but a puff-ball that a boy picks up in the forest, and which, snapping with an empty explosion, vanishes in a little cloud of dust.

Presently he found himself watching with an accession of interest a little street urchin, who, one of a crowd of others like himself, would have been singled out from among them by the contemplative quiet of his attitude as he stood backed up against the iron railing of the church opposite.

Skinny Bill showed the beneficial effect of the Sunday Breakfast Association, which he generally patronized every seventh morning of the week, in the unusual accession of cleanliness in his face and the glistening moisture of his curly hair, for he performed his rare ablutions at a certain horse-trough in a quiet corner, two or three plunges of his head under water constituting this great and eventful performance. Skinny Bill was a philosopher in his way, following the principles of Epicurus on a limited scale, in extracting from life as much of present good and amusement as he could, troubling himself about questions of morality only just enough to evade the clutches of the law, embodied to him in the blue coats and stars of the "cops."

Once he had been asked by a well-fed philanthropist as to his idea of Heaven, and had replied "that when he got there he'd have a howlin' good time a singin' of hymns and things, and he'd bet he'd have lots of turkey every day and all the 'baccy he could chew."

Was he quite unlike the rest of us, except that his benighted mind took on a grosser form? The principle remained the same, of work ended and personal reward attained and enjoyed in an exclusive company of others like ourselves; no uneasy thought of the possible good to be eternally wrought with our increased capacity, and no heartache for those poor sinners who are left out in the cold.

Skinny Bill's metaphysics, however, did not carry him thus far, and his thoughts were concentrated for the present on the meek white horse harnessed to a low village cart and tied to a post in front of the church. During his reverie his companions had vanished, leaving him in sole possession of the pavement; gradually, a grin overspread his face, and looking first up and down the street, then at the church door, and finding all quiet, he edged up to the animal and slyly unbuckled his left rein; this successfully accomplished, he crept under the head of the beast and proceeded to perform the same operation on the rein to the right. Looking around again to be sure that he was unobserved, he deftly crossed

them, fastening the left rein to the right side and the right one to the left.

It was just at this moment that Charles Marsden, who had for the instant turned his back to the window, caught sight of the boy hovering around the horse, and called out to him:

"What are you doing, you young scamp? let that horse alone this instant."

Skinny Bill turned a countenance of injured innocence up to the speaker. His quick wit told him that he might be far around the corner before the man on the second floor could reach the street.

"Yer needn't chop me into mince-meat, boss; the reins got mixed and I was only a fixin' of them. Two young gals axed me to hold this 'ere horse for them while they was in the meetin'-house, and said they'd give me a nickel for a-doin' of it; 'taint none o' yer business, anyway," and resumed his lounging attitude, keeping, however, a wary watch on the window through his half-closed eyes.

"You imp of darkness," muttered Marsden, flinging his half-smoked cigar at the boy, "take that for your impudence. If there's anything in predestination, you won't meet with a watery death, that's certain," and, taking his hat from the table, prepared to carry out his intentions of irrevocably closing the single sentimental chapter of his life.

As he issued from the door, Skinny Bill's impulse was to run; but the gentleman took no more notice of him than he did of one of the flies that buzzed about the ears of the white horse.

"Cuss yer cool impudence," thought Skinny Bill, "I'll have a smoke out of yer, anyway," and stooping, he picked up the still burning stump of the cigar, and placing it in his mouth, applied his thumb to his nose, performing some curious manœuvres with the remaining fingers in the direction of the disappearing form of Charles Marsden.

For another half hour Skinny Bill smoked and lounged, contemplating the old horse with tremendous satisfaction, every once in a while a grin wrinkling his prematurely old and sharp face.

Presently he straightened himself up, as he saw the sexton open the inside door of the church and the people streaming out, among them Elinor Ames and her friend, Thalia Winthrop.

With an air of the utmost propriety, Skinny Bill held the horse as the ladies took their seats, and then delivered the reins into Elinor's hands, receiving his reward with due humility and pulling respectfully at the remnant of an old fox-skin cap resting on the back of his head.

No sooner, however, had he freed his hands of the reins and received his fee, than he took to his heels, saying, "I'll give this to me mother, miss," and vanished around the corner, where he ensconced himself behind a convenient barrel, from which

hiding-place he cautiously peeped, awaiting the denouement.

"Is it not dreadful, Thalia," said Elinor to her companion, "to see children so desolate? think of that poor boy, now, and what he might have become if he had had the advantages of other children. He seemed to have good feeling, too; for did you not notice how he thought of his mother the first thing when I gave him the money?"

"Yes, Elinor," answered Thalia, indifferently, "but it made me positively uncomfortable to look at him. I don't believe his hair had ever seen a brush or comb since he was born; I hated to have him come near me. Shall I drive, Elinor?"

"No, thank you, Thalia," said Elinor, compressing her lips and checking the words that had almost escaped her. Much as she loved her friend, there was that in Thalia Winthrop that grated upon her sensibilities.

During this conversation the old horse behaved in the most exemplary manner, jogging along at a sober pace and speculating, probably, on the possibility of dinner ahead. Presently, down the road came a doctor's carriage driving at a smart pace, and Elinor sharply pulled to the right to give it room to pass.

How it all happened she could never account for, but the old horse bolted to the left, there was a shock, a crash, the wheel of the strange carriage flew off, struck the white horse, and away he fled with the two girls, as though on the wings of the wind.

In the distance might have been seen the small figure of Skinny Bill performing a unique dance on the pavement and whirling about his head his old rag of crown covering with a shrill "hooray!"

#### CHAPTER V.

CHARLES MARSDEN leisurely pursued his way through the quiet streets, finally turning out of the main thoroughfares into a still more retired part of the city. Indeed, the fresh salt breeze that met him with a full-faced greeting as he turned the corner seemed almost the only thing stirring. The busy warehouse was tightly closed, the bustling merchant was snugly ensconced in the family pew, the chaffing drayman smoked his short black pipe in the midst of his family, or muttered his prayers on the cold pavement of some incense-clouded church, being as much accustomed to the direction of a higher authority in such matters as were his tired horses to his guiding rein, and who to-day were standing in their stalls heavily stamping now and again and lazily champing their food, for even their nature felt the seventh day rest of the world about them.

Marsden passed by store after store all tightly closed in by iron shutters and doors, that suggested anything rather than a reopening at an early

period, until gradually the city apparently prolonged itself into one street that stretched away and extended into the Sound, but which in reality was a wharf built a long distance out for the convenience of vessels of heavy burden. Still the stores seemed loath to give up their footing, and had pushed out from the mainland on the wharf for a couple of hundred feet, where they gradually dwindled into sheds for storage, heaps of coal, piles of lumber, coils of rope, and other odds and ends that would naturally be looked for in such a situation. Several boats swung idly with the tide, but hampered in their freedom by fastenings of chain and padlock, while a forlorn cat or two prowled in and out among the sheds and piles of lumber, looking for mice that never came. Here sometimes awung great West Indian barks, freighted with molasses and sugar and heaps of tropical fruit, from which occasionally slipped forth a tarantula or wriggling serpent, and manned by a crew of swarthy black-browed men, with restless, passionate eyes and southern vehemence of gesture. Then the quiet wharf presented a lively spectacle, for the little street *gamins* scented their prey from afar, and hovered and buzzed and pilfered around the huge molasses and sugar casks, like any other swarm of honey-loving insects. To-day no sound disturbed the stillness and no unsightly object spoiled the vision; only the blue water and still bluer sky, only the fresh salt breeze and the rhythmic splash of the waves against the shining green piles of the wharf. Charles Marsden lifted his head and drew in long invigorating breaths of the soft air, feeling that courage and decision were but his servants to command, and the world at his feet if he would but stoop to pick it up. Instinct with this reaction of sentiment he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth the small parcel that he had placed there an hour previously, and picking up a stone of good size wrapped and tied the two tightly together. This was to be the end of it all, and the sooner it was accomplished the better; so poising himself and throwing back his strong right arm, skillfully and mightfully he flung the weight far out into the sparkling water. His eye followed its curved course through the air and marked where it fell, but so far away was it that the splash was but a faint one, and was borne to him almost like a sobbing breath. For one moment a wave of mad regret and impotent longing swept his spirit, and then, like the last brilliant flash of a dying lamp, it went out forever, and Thalia Winthrop would hereafter remain to him but an old acquaintance, with whom he was perhaps on a somewhat more intimate footing than with most other young ladies of his acquaintance.

He turned to leave the spot, for spite of the sense of relief he experienced, he little wished

just then for time of retrospection, when suddenly on the Sabbath quiet broke the sound of galloping hoofs, and the rapid rattling of wheels over the paved street behind him carried a suggestion in the speed that caused him to look up sharply.

He caught a glimpse of a low village cart and two pale women, the one terrified into helplessness, the other with set face vainly endeavoring to guide the horse, who with the bit between his teeth rushed on to the head of the wharf and the deep water beyond.

Marsden took in the situation at a glance.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "Elinor!" and rushing forward, threw up his arms with a sharp "Whoa! whoa!" The old horse, little accustomed to such pranks and well drilled to obedience, faltered, hesitated, and urged on by terror would have continued his headlong course, had not Charles, quickly taking advantage of his indecision, sprung forward and grasped at his bridle with well-directed aim. The poor old beast, entirely innocent of any ill intention, stood quietly under the reassuring hand, his ancient sides heaving and laboring with the unwonted strain of nerve and muscle, his ears pointed, and his eyes rolling fearfully around.

"Elinor," called Charles, "can you get out without assistance? for I cannot well leave your Bucephalus; his Sunday-morning devotions do not appear to have agreed with him. Or better still," he continued, "sit still and I will tie him securely and come to you." So saying, he passed the reins through an iron ring in a post, soothingly talking to the terrified beast.

Two feet away was the glancing water, and looking toward it Charles turned suddenly sick at heart. Things grew dark before him, and suspicious moisture filled his eyes. For an instant his fingers faltered over the fastening of the reins, and he bent his head low with strange, unwonted feeling.

"Help Thalia," called Elinor, in a strained, low voice; she was trembling violently. With his grasp on the reins, and the consequent arrest of their flight, she had dropped the lines and sat quietly with white face.

He helped Thalia down and led her to a seat on a pile of lumber; she laughed nervously and lightly said:

"We came very near having an accident, did we not, Charles? I don't think Elinor will be so eager to drive again."

A curiously mingled feeling of admiration for her nerve and repulsion from her flippancy took possession of him; involuntarily he moved away a little. She noted the movement and spoke coldly:

"You had better go to Elinor; she seems to need your services more than I do, and sits there trembling like a lamb in the grasp of a culture."

But as he left her, she turned her back on the water with a shiver and watched him intently.

Elinor, pale as death, trembled in every limb, and Charles extending his arms lifted her to the ground. "Thank God!" she whispered, with white lips.

He held her in his arms and strained her closely to him; he had so nearly lost her, so nearly lost this friend of years.

"My poor Elinor," he said, "how sorry I am that you have had such a fright, and thank God indeed there was some one at hand to help you." And he stroked soothingly the shapely brown head lying against his breast in momentary helplessness. The tender touch unloosed the fountain of Elinor's tears, and she leaned against his shoulder, quietly sobbing.

"O Charles!" she brokenly said, "I cannot understand how it happened, and do not think I should have lost control so fully, but all at once I seemed to realize that Thalia was there and her life in danger, and—"

"Never mind that now, Elinor; do not talk about it at present, you are too much overcome," said Charles, gently. "Thalia is all right, and there is nothing farther to worry about; come, dear, be the brave girl I've always seen you."

"Thank you, Charles. How much I seem to owe to you always and everywhere. On you, for a long time, have I depended for a thousand kind and thoughtful services, and now it is my life, nay, more than that, the life of a friend—" her voice faltered, and glancing at the water almost at her feet, shuddered violently. "Nay, poor Thalia," she suddenly said, freeing herself from Charles's support, and hastening to the side of her friend, "how sorry I am that I insisted upon you accompanying me to church, for I might have taken Geoffrey to drive, and you would not have had this terrible fright."

"Indeed, Elinor," called out Charles, from the other side of the horse, whose harness he had been examining, "all the good driving in the world would hardly have prevented this. Just come here for a moment, I want to show you something. By Jove!" he exclaimed, bringing down his hand upon the old horse, causing him to start violently, "that accounts for all. Tell me, Elinor, where did you go to church this morning?"

"We were anxious to hear Mr. D—— preach, so instead of going as usual to St. P——'s, we went to All Saints, opposite your rooms."

"Ah!" replied Charles; "see here, Elinor, I want you to observe how these reins are crossed, and as you drove into town all right, they must have been changed while you were inside the church," and he looked closely at the horse and cart. "It strikes me," he continued, "that I've seen this turnout before; why of course I have,



and this is exactly what that young villain was about when I called to him to stop. I mistrusted he was up to some devilry; I don't know of anything that I should so much enjoy at this moment as to be able to shake hands with him," but there was a dangerous light in Charles Marsden's eye, that suggested it was quite as well that Skinny Bill had kept at a safe distance.

Thalia had risen, and she and Elinor stood arm-in-arm watching Charles adjust the reins.

"There is always a comfort to me," he said, nodding to the girls from the other side of the animal, "in the thought that people ultimately find their level, just as surely as does water; and the level of the individual that adjusted these reins will be a lofty one, I am not afraid to prophesy. I live in hopes of assisting him to his high position, and should I ever have that pleasure, young ladies, I shall certainly let you know. Now then," he said, giving a final touch to his work, and critically examining it, "I believe that's all right. Poor old fellow," he continued, patting the animal, "you were pretty nearly as much frightened as the young ladies, weren't you? I don't suppose you were ever guilty of such an ill-regulated thing before; how astonished he must have been, Elinor," he spoke lightly, giving the girls a chance to recover themselves, "he certainly must have thought he had the quintessence of womankind behind him; one, who of all her sex, knew her own mind the least."

Thalia colored violently, and turned with a slight shrug to Elinor.

"Elinor," she said, "we can't stay here all day. How are we to get home? Don't you think you had better go home with me to dinner, instead of driving out to Windy Point?"

"Thank you, Thalia," replied Elinor, "but Drusilla expects us home, and I would not like to alarm her unnecessarily, as I know I should do by not returning; besides I am not afraid but that I can drive back without further accident. Charles says that everything is right now, and such a thing could not possibly happen again."

"Much obliged, my dear Elinor," replied Thalia, laughing, "but I don't mean to trust my precious life with you again to-day."

"Now, girls, let me make a suggestion," joined in Charles. "If you will sit here, not exactly in Cynthia's Bower, but under the shadow of this wood-pile, for about ten or twenty minutes, I will take Bucephalus to the nearest stable and find a double carriage, and will, if agreeable, drive you out to Windy Point myself."

Elinor's look of bright relief and her simple "Thank you," sounded far sweeter in his ears than Thalia's soft voice exclaiming, "That's a capital arrangement, Charles; we shall feel so safe with you."

Jumping into the cart, Charles drove rapidly up

the wharf in the direction of the city, and, as his horse's hoofs struck the stony pavement of the street, he turned and kissed the tips of his fingers toward the girls—a light action, lightly done, but carrying a deeper meaning to at least two of the trio, and gayly Elinor and Thalia waved their handkerchiefs in reply as he vanished around the corner.

The Sabbath at Windy Point was a very quiet time. The house had been left in the care of Geoffrey, who had excused himself from going to church, saying that he was always tempted to catch flies during the service and was afraid of disgracing his Aunt Elinor forever, and, besides, he hadn't his new spring bonnet and Drusilla wouldn't lend him hers, for he had asked her, and she had told him "To stop fooling, and be serious, if he could;" so he lounged around dreamily, wondering where he would drift to next and what in the wide world he had to live for, anyway.

"God bless her!" he said to himself, as his mind dwelt upon Elinor, "how forlorn I would have been without her. I must find a way to repay her kindness some day. Never mind, I can wait, and I'm not afraid of forgetting it." So he finally settled himself under the shade of an old tree, and closed his eyes, knowing nothing better to do at the time.

David Dobbins, in his black clothes and stiff, white shirt-bosom, had harnessed up the no-top buggy and driven Drusilla Hopewell to the Congregational meeting house, two miles distant, and a quiet reigned supreme.

Time passed: Drusilla had returned from meeting, had folded away her black silk dress and pinned in a handkerchief scented with lavender the new straw bonnet, with its violet ribbons, had donned her "sprigged calico," and had placed on the table, with due precision, the substantial, tempting lunch, which on that day was to take the place of dinner.

"Might 's well put an extra place at table," she said to Emma, her small helper, "a'most always some one drives up just as they're a going to sit down to table and then there's a flutteration until they settle down ag'in. I never could see why folks can't be to home at meal-times. It's curious they don't come; can't account for it nohow."

"Drusilla," called a gruff voice through the window.

"Mercy sakes alive, Violet Primrose," replied Drusilla, with a start, "how you skeart me; you're always prowling around and peeking about. What do you want?"

"Guess you've been feeding on ginger-snaps, haint ye, Drusilla; you're so mighty short and spicy? I wouldn't ha' troubled myself to stop on my road home if I'd a known you was so cross; only I thought maybe you might like to hear about it."



"About what?" said Drusilla, with a scornful glance of the gray eye. "Don't believe you know what you're talking about yourself. If you've got anything to say, out with it and be done, and don't be standing there with your head in the air and your mouth open, like the old gray gander."

Poor Drusilla, the strain of anxiety on Elinor's account and the tormenting propensity of Violet Primrose, were becoming too much for her equanimity.

"Wall, I aint a going to stand here and be called names," replied Violet, moving off, "so good-day to you; you'll know it soon enough now, anyway, I guess."

This was the last straw's weight. Drusilla stepped quickly through the open door and planted herself in front of Violet, the little round knot of hair on the top of her head almost quivering in the excess of her indignation.

"Will you stop your fooling and tell me what you have to say? Elinor has not come back yet, and I am almost worried to death."

"Wall," drawled Violet, edging off toward the road, "maybe next time, Mistress Drusilla. However, you'll know enough to be civil to a neighbor. I don't bear no malice nohow, so I tell you that Elinor and that pretty little Winthrop girl was run away with and came night being dumped into the Sound off Grand Wharf." So saying, he beat a quick retreat down the walk.

"Don't believe one word of it," called Drusilla after his retreating figure. "Elinor aint fool enough to let Deacon Phelps' old white horse run away with her; besides, that horse has got more sense than a good many Christians, and knows better than to caper round in that way." Nevertheless, an uneasy feeling of dread, that deepened as the moments went by, caused her to move restlessly from window to door and finally down the grass-grown carriage path to the large gate on the road.

"What's the matter, Drusilla?" called Geoffrey from under the shade of the large tree, where he was stretched full-length, with a closed book beside him; "your face looks as the sky must have done the day before the deluge."

"Taint nothing of any account, Mr. Geoffrey," replied Drusilla, sure of finding here a sympathetic listener. She had not only learned to tolerate the "little boy," as she still called him, but had grown to like his lazy, watchful kindness, and submitted to his teasing with an amount of good-nature that astonished Elinor. "Taint nothing much, Mr. Geoffrey, and I suppose I'm an old fool to worry so, but Elinor ought to have been home long ago, and I can't think what's a keeping her; 'taint a bit like her to go galloping about the country long after meal-times."

Geoffrey was wide awake in a moment.

"You don't mean to say anything could have

happened to her," he said, anxiously. "Oh! no, Drusilla, what could have been the matter? I heard her say that she would bring Miss Winthrop home with her, and maybe she has taken dinner with her instead."

"Thalia Winthrop," sniffed Drusilla; "well, if *she's* with her that's another thing; *she* don't care for nothing nor nobody 'cept herself."

"What's that, Drusilla?" interrupted Geoffrey; "there's a carriage coming from up the road."

"Taint them, though," replied Drusilla, screwing up her little gray eyes and peering from under her shadowing hand; "she went out in one of those things they call village carts, and a good name for them, too, but"—excitedly, and speaking quite regardless of grammar—"yes, it is them, too, as true as I live, and Charles Marsden a driving of them. Something has happened, and that old goose did tell the truth, after all. Why, Elinor," she exclaimed, hurrying toward them, "where have you been? It's hours after meal-time, and it's a mercy the chickens was roasted yesterday, and only the pie to warm, or they'd a been burnt to a cinder by this time."

"Now, Drusilla," replied Charles, wondering who this tall, handsome fellow was who helped Elinor so carefully and with an air of proprietorship that caused Charles to set his teeth and put it down to consummate impudence—"now, Drusilla, you mustn't scold the young ladies; Deacon Phelps shouldn't give his horse so many oats."

"First time I ever heard the Deacon blamed for not being near enough," dryly ejaculated Drusilla.

"Well, something queer happened to him, anyway, and he took it into his stupid old head to give the ladies a bath in the Sound, and would have succeeded, only—"

"Yes, indeed, Drusilla," broke in Thalia, "if it hadn't been for Mr. Marsden Elinor and I would both have been drowned."

"How d'ye do, Miss Thalia?" dryly replied Drusilla, and looking at her for the first time. Evidently Thalia Winthrop was not an especial favorite of Drusilla's.

"Geoffrey," said Elinor, who felt that the *denouement* in regard to her ward had come, and taking herself metaphorically by both shoulders, pushed forward to the difficult explanation—"Geoffrey," she said, "this is my friend, Miss Winthrop, and this gentleman, Thalia, is also my friend, Mr. Geoffrey Allston. I shall expect you to become good friends. Charles," she continued, laying her hand on Marsden's arm, "let me introduce to you my father's friend and mine, who has been living in England and who is now making me a visit; and this gentleman, Geoffrey, is my old friend, Mr. Charles Marsden."

"She calls me a visitor," thought Geoffrey, ruefully; "whom shall I visit next?"

"Singular I never heard the Professor or Elinor speak of this friend," was Marsden's mental comment; but the two young men shook hands, with cordiality on Geoffrey's part, but on that of Charles with a slight reserve and a tinge of antagonism in his heart.

Two more finely contrasted specimens of youthful manhood would seldom have been seen. Charles Marsden's well-poised, alert figure, instinct with nervous energy in every movement, well built and erect, squared off at the shoulders, slender and lithe as a greyhound across the loins, with the firm grasp of the hand showing the man's nature in one of its aspects, and the round head, broad brow, closely cut brown hair, and keen, grayish-blue eyes, telling of the watchful intellect that had rendered him so successful. To an ordinary observer this would have comprised the whole story, but the strongest feelings of his inner nature had left their tell-tale traces in the deep lines about his mouth, that were almost hidden by the full, closely cut, English beard and mustache. Compact, decided, and methodical, his whole nature manifested itself in direct opposition to the large frame of Geoffrey Allston, with its languid grace of movement, the sleepy glance of the dark brown eye from beneath the heavy lashes, and the careless ease of his loose coat.

Drusilla scanned Elinor closely through this little scene, and her watchful eye alone detected the signs of her inquietude in the rosy flush that rendered her sweet face more winning than ever and the occasional tightening of the fingers upon her drapery or closing one upon another. Drusilla Hopewell had not watched "her girl" these many long years to no purpose.

"You've done that pretty well, Elinor," she thought, "but the wust's to come. Charles 'll be a wanting to know who the 'little boy' is, and, of course, Elinor's got to tell him. She hasn't no one else to advise her, and so she'll go to him. I wish those two 'ud fix it up atween 'em, so I do. I'm getting old and cranky, and there's 'nough rough ups and downs to every woman's lot to make them feel the want of a hand to drive the plow some time or 'nother;" but she only said aloud, "Elinor, the vittles 'll all be sp'ilt, and you must be hungry as hawks by this time," and her prim figure disappeared in the cool gloom of the hall.

"Come, Aunt Elinor," said Geoffrey, gayly, offering Elinor his arm, "I never keep Drusilla's good things waiting if I can help it."

Charles stared, Elinor avoided his glance with heightened color, Thalia laughed, and Geoffrey, unmindful, rattled on:

"I suppose, Miss Winthrop, that Drusilla's wonderful dishes are no new thing to you, but I do assure you they have opened a new world of delight to me. I gaze upon her productions, feel-

ing something of the same awe with which I used to listen to the discussion of the unfathomable and the unattainable; only the outcome of Drusilla's philosophy is far more refreshing and satisfactory than the other. Indeed, I think it is the only thing that I am quite certain about in this world."

Thalia laughed. "Indeed, Mr. Allston," she replied, "I quite sympathize with you, but then I don't pretend to fathom it. I shut my eyes and eat, and return thanks, without troubling myself about the philosophy of the thing. It is too much work to dig for pleasure, especially in the bright summer days."

"What a butterfly you must be," answered Geoffrey, stooping to pick a full-blown rose, and presenting it to her. "You should like flowers, Miss Winthrop; they are the natural food of butterflies."

"Are you fond of butterflies?" asked Thalia, fastening the rose in her belt.

"Very," laconically replied Geoffrey, holding the door open for her to pass through into the dining-room. "I wish I had a new specimen."

With an inclination of the head and wave of the hand toward the fields, she swept by him, lightly replying, "That is an easy thing to compass; there is any quantity of them outside."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TO A GIFT FROM A FRIEND.

### THE PICTURE.

YONDER gray mountains undaunted,  
Smiting the arch of the sky;  
Low at their base, echo-haunted,  
Dream-still the blue waters lie.  
Nearer the green forest-fringes  
Swing like a curtain apart—  
Turn like a gate on its hinges—  
Enter thou, rest thou, my heart.  
\* \* \* \* \*

### THE INVOCATION.

O Land of Imagery! to thee  
In this hushed space I come.  
Bridge, if thou canst, Time's gulf for me;—  
Nay, thou art dumb, art dumb!

No whisper from thy elfin deeps,  
No breath where forests bend,  
On tenderest wing of fancy, sweeps  
The voiceless years. \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* O, Friend!

And yet, as with a seer-like skill  
Thou bidst me span Life's change,  
When she who wrought with patient will  
Hath touched its widening range.

ROSE GERANIUM.

## FRED HERBERT'S EXPERIMENT.

FOR three years "Ingomar," a handsome and comfortable residence in one of the southern counties of Maryland, had been without an occupant.

During three years prior to that no less than seven families, all city people and strangers in the neighborhood, had taken possession, and after an apparent contented occupancy, suddenly vacated it.

As the wagons containing the furniture belonging to these families wound down the evergreen-bordered lane on their way to the depot, the neighbors shook their wise heads, as much as to say it was just what they had expected; for reports of a spectre which inhabited the mansion was whispered among them, and like all gossip lost nothing in their travels.

Ingomar had been owned by an aged lady named Ashburton, who—dying about a year before the two periods mentioned—bequeathed the place and all that belonged to it, to an adopted daughter, whom she had accepted at the mother's death-bed, and faithfully cared for as her own. In return sweet Anna Ashburton rewarded her foster-mother with the love and obedience of a dutiful daughter.

For one beautiful summer after Mrs. Ashburton's death, Miss Anna remained in quiet possession of her inheritance. Her birds, flowers, gold-fishes, books, and many little feminine employments which she loved, kept her busily and happily occupied, and though most of the time alone in the house, she was neither lonely nor afraid.

The servants—two women and three men—who had known and loved her from babyhood, lived—with their children—in their own snug quarters, which occupied the large yard at the back of the dwelling; but as Miss Anna's library and sleeping-room looked directly down upon their cabins, Chloe and Leonore were at all hours of the day and night within call.

But this was not to last. One morning a lawyer from Philadelphia made his appearance, in behalf of a client in California, who could prove beyond doubt that he was the rightful heir of Ingomar, being the son of the deceased Clarence Ashburton by a former marriage.

In vain Miss Anna protested she had never heard of such a marriage; the lawyer showed her letters and a marriage certificate forwarded by his San Francisco client, which even her unwilling eyes could not fail to perceive were genuine. The signatures to the letters were fac-similes of those appended to letters addressed to her deceased foster-mother, and which were always preserved with pious care in the escritoire in the library. The "Clarence Ashburton" in them all must have been written by one and the same hand.

The lawyer gave her a letter from his client—also Clarence Ashburton—in which he informed her that he expected to take possession in a few weeks.

Miss Anna determined not to give up without a struggle. A lawsuit was the result; she lost the case, and with many tears was forced to leave the home where she had been so happy, to become a governess in a family named Herbert, in Richmond.

In a short time Mr. Clarence Ashburton, pleasantly established at Ingomar—with its rich fields, fragrant meadows, and beautiful woodlands, three excellent men to farm it, and two as efficient house servants as could have been found in the State—felt himself to be a fortunate man. To be sure, conscience reproached him at times in regard to the orphaned girl who had believed Ingomar to be hers, but he stifled the voice and tried to forget.

One beautiful evening in the early summer he had taken a walk about his new domain, and superintended the cutting down of several fine shade trees, which obstructed the view of some favorite point. These were not the first which he had ruthlessly destroyed, for like the majority of new occupants, his chief idea of improvement lay in hewing down those reminders of the thrift and care of dead and buried predecessors.

These particular trees had been planted by his father, to shade a spring of sweet, cool water; and in consequence of their being carefully guarded by the late Mrs. Ashburton, were prized by Miss Anna and the servants.

Feeling weary after his walk he went to the library, and throwing himself upon a comfortable lounge, fell asleep. When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly into his room making every object distinctly visible. The voices of his wife and two lady callers came soothingly from the parlor below; he was about to rise to join them, when he became conscious of some presence in the room. Without stirring he opened his eyes. Passing by him, within a few feet of his lounge was an apparently old lady whom he had never before seen. She was small and frail in appearance, and her face was very pale under her white lace cap. Her dress was of soft black material which made no rustle, a white kerchief overlaid by one of soft black silk was crossed upon her breast, while drab mitts covered her hands.

Mr. Ashburton's first thought was that some visitor from the parlor had come for a book, but seeing him sleeping was returning quietly without it; but as she glided through the door and swiftly ascended the steps leading to the third story, he arose and upon the impulse of the moment followed her. He kept her in view until she reached a distant corner of the unplastered and unfurnished attic room at the back part of

the dwelling, when like a shadow picture she disappeared.

Feeling bewildered, Mr. Ashburton descended to his bed-room adjoining the library, laved his face and hands in cool water, made some little improvement in his toilette, and joined the ladies in the parlor.

"Are you not well, Clarence?" inquired his wife, anxiously, after he had greeted the guests. "You are looking pale; I am afraid the sun was too warm for you this afternoon."

Mr. Ashburton smiled faintly, but made no reply.

"It is very dangerous to those not accustomed to it," remarked one of the visitors. "I know one gentleman who has not yet recovered from exposure to the heat of the sun."

"How did it affect him?" inquired Mr. Ashburton, with flattering interest in the subject.

"He was drowsy at first, and upon arousing from that was quite delirious, imagining he saw many frightful things; in fact, it was similar to a mild case of delirium tremens."

Mr. Ashburton breathed more freely. He had then not seen a spirit from the other world, but had suffered a slight sun-stroke. Resolving to be more careful in future, he decided not to mention the affair to his wife, who was very nervous, nor to the servants, supposing them to be superstitious. He was naturally a brave man, and considered himself too intelligent to have faith in apparitions; yet it was with a feeling of relief that he could believe it a figment of the imagination caused by a disturbed brain. He was the more easily convinced of this, because a descriptive appearance of the late Mrs. Ashburton—incidentally given him by a neighbor a few evenings before—coincided in every particular with the figure he had seen. He had recalled her to mind before dropping asleep, therefore believed his half-waking vision to be the result of this reverie.

Mr. Ashburton had been a banker in San Francisco, and his experience of country life was limited; but with the excellent help at command, farming was a pleasure, and every change of season brought novelty.

"Chloe," said he one morning, halting at the door of one of the cabins, "when is the best time to plant Lima beans?"

"When de sign is in de arms," replied Chloe, promptly; "kase you want dem to run up de poles an' not bunch all 'round at de foot."

"I do not allude to the sign," smiled Mr. Ashburton; "I only meant the time in the month. I have not much faith in signs."

"Ole missus was allus mighty perticular when we uns planted de seed, an' we had de best garden in de neighborhood."

"When is the best time for beets and parsnips?" questioned Mr. Ashburton, ignoring the allusion to her former director.

"When de sign is in de feet; kase you don't want dem to spriddle up an' be all top, but to go down in de groun' an' grow."

"Have we cucumber-seeds, Chloe?"

"Deed has we; ole missus allus let de fust big un ripen for seed. Dey is up in de attic, hangin' on de rafters wid de rest ob de seed. Does yer want me to tote 'em down?"

"There is no hurry for them—the ground will not be ready before evening. I will then go up for them, as I wish to see the different kinds."

After tea, the garden being laid off in neat beds, Mr. Ashburton ascended to the attic for the seeds. Each little white sack hung upon its hook, labeled and securely tied by a careful hand.

The one window in the attic was too small to give the light he needed, so, taking down several sacks, he passed into the large front room, which was lighted by two dormer windows.

He made his selections and was about to restore the remainder to their hooks, when, in the doorway through which he must pass, was the quaint figure of the little pale lady in exactly the same costume in which he had before seen her.

A tremor seized Mr. Ashburton; his heart beat almost to suffocation; the seeds dropped from his nerveless hands. He stooped to recover them, and when he looked up the vision had disappeared.

Without pausing he took the seeds back to the attic and hung them upon their hooks. All was silent—the attic, the room he had left, and the landing from which descended the stairway, could be surveyed at a glance; there was not a living thing to be seen. He went to the garden, gave the seeds to the men, then returned to the parlor, where in the twilight sat his wife and Mrs. Cashner, a neighbor who had called in to spend the evening.

"I have just been in the garden," remarked he, breaking the pause occasioned by his entrance; "I think there is nothing pleasanter than gardening."

"I presume so, for those who understand it," smiled Mrs. Cashner. "I never planted anything except a lot of turnip-seeds. The rule given me was to start out with half as many seeds as I thought sufficient, to fall down and spill half, and then plant half of what remained. I followed directions implicitly, but as they grew so thick it was impossible to separate them effectually, they never amounted to anything."

This incident recalled others to the ladies, and Mr. Ashburton leaned wearily back in his chair and reflected over the event of his day.

Summer passed away, and, one September evening, Mrs. Ashburton accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Cashner to a concert in the village. They were not expected back before eleven o'clock, and, after reading until weary, Mr. Ashburton, who was prevented by a cold from accompanying them, turned

the lamp to a dim light and lay down upon the sofa. The house was still, the parlor comfortable, and Mr. Ashburton dropped asleep. How long he was unconscious he knew not, but he was awakened suddenly by what appeared to be an ice-cold hand laid upon his forehead. Startled, he arose quickly. The little old lady in black, her hand raised in threatening attitude, glided through the door and ascended the stairway.

A cold moisture stood upon Mr. Ashburton's forehead. He trembled and grew faint; he heard, with a feeling of intense relief, the carriage stop at the gate, and hastened out to receive his wife. After bidding their friends good-night, they remained for some time by the parlor fire, and, in listening to an animated account of the concert, his spirits somewhat revived; but his sleep that night was restless and he arose the next morning unrefreshed.

"Mrs. Cashner's little girls are coming to take tea this evening," remarked Mrs. Ashburton, cheerfully, at breakfast. "I told them to invite any of their friends to accompany them."

"That is all right," replied her husband, wearily. "Bring them to the orchard, the cider-mill will be there to-day."

"That will interest them, I know," said Mrs. Ashburton. "I have thought of several ways of entertaining them, among the rest, to dress in my great-grandmother's wedding costume."

Afternoon came, and with it the little girls, six in all. The orchard was visited, the new cider tested, then they returned to the parlor, and Mrs. Ashburton slipped away to the third story, intending to surprise her guests in the ancient bridal attire. She had just drawn the trunk containing it under the dormer window, when some impulse caused her to turn. Slowly receding toward the attic was the pale little lady, with her white cap, kerchief, and mitts. Uttering a piercing scream, Mrs. Ashburton fell to the floor in a swoon.

Children and servants flocked up the stairs; one ran for Mr. Ashburton, who, pale as the unconscious woman at his feet, raised her in his arms and carried her to the lounge in the library. One of the men was dispatched for a physician, while the excited Chloe and Leonore exercised the simple expedients within their knowledge to revive her.

"Your wife has had a severe shock to the nervous system," said the doctor, as Mrs. Ashburton began to regain consciousness. "Has anything occurred to distress or frighten her?"

"Nothing that I am aware of," replied Mr. Ashburton, hesitatingly; "she was alone when she fainted."

"Let all leave the room but the doctor and yourself," said the invalid, feebly; "I wish to tell you something."

Children and servants dispersed, and, with tears

and tremblings, Mrs. Ashburton told her story to the incredulous doctor and the believing husband.

"I will not remain here another day," said she, shudderingly; "I would go this very night if I could. Do not let us stay in this fearful house, dear husband," continued she, imploringly; "let us both go to my mother in Philadelphia."

To her infinite relief, Mr. Ashburton did not chide nor attempt to reason her out of her determination, but assured her that they would go in the first train in the morning. He summoned the little girls to remain with her, in order to follow the doctor from the room.

"Do not go out, Clarence," cried Mrs. Ashburton, excitedly; "I cannot stay here one moment without you."

"No, dear, I will not leave the door," replied he, retaining the knob in his hand for the comfort of his suffering wife.

"I hope you will not mention this little circumstance, doctor," said he, in a low tone, when they were alone.

"Why should I?" replied the physician, curtly, "her illusion is merely the forerunner of malarial fever or some other ailment; but she must have change. Take her to her mother's, as you promised."

The next morning found husband and wife on their way to Philadelphia, taking all their clothing and a few household treasures prized by Mrs. Ashburton, and were warmly welcomed to the home of her mother.

Mr. Ashburton opened a banking-house, and Ingomar—handsomely furnished as it stood—was placed for rent or lease in the hands of an agent.

His advertisement spoke in glowing terms of the place, but not more highly than it deserved, and applications for it were numerous. The most eligible of these were chosen, and a family that had never lived in the country took possession, delighted with it and everything connected with it.

In a few weeks they were back in the city, declaring they would not take Ingomar as a gift and be compelled to live there.

The little old lady had paid them two visits and they would not wait for a third.

Ingomar was, in consequence, again upon the market, at reduced rent, and before the year was out had changed tenants three times, all from the same cause. Then it stood unoccupied until the next summer, when a family who had boasted that no spectre would venture to show itself to them more than once, took possession and remained one week, after which it was closed, until rented by a family the next summer, which remained one night.

After that, advertising produced no result. For three years it remained closed, the name of Ingomar giving place to "The Haunted House;"



spoken of in subdued tones and avoided after nightfall.

One evening, the lawyer who had called to see Miss Anna while at Ingomar, arrived at the residence of the Herberts in Richmond. He bore the deed of Ingomar and a bill of sale from Mr. and Mrs. Ashburton, giving up all right and title to it and begging her to do them the favor of accepting it.

Mrs. Herbert was acquainted with two of the families who had made a flying sojourn at Ingomar, and through them had heard of the unquiet spirit that held possession; but, with the delicacy of a true lady, she prohibited all mention of it in the presence of Miss Anna.

Therefore, in blissful ignorance and with heart swelling with gratitude, she accepted; and, as her year's engagement would end in a few weeks, she anticipated with delight her return to her beloved home.

Mrs. Herbert, in these years, had become deeply attached to Miss Anna, and it was with pleasure she was made cognizant of a plan concerted between her son Frank, a boy of about sixteen, and his cousin, Fred Herbert, several years his senior, who had spent some time with an uncle upon the prairies of the West. The two had arranged a visit to Philadelphia, and intended stopping off at Ingomar to see for themselves what manner of creature it was that had successfully deceived so many intelligent persons.

Fred was as strong as a lion and afraid of nothing, and Frank was equally courageous when with Fred; so in excellent spirits they set out upon their trip.

At the bottom of Fred's portmanteau was a very singular implement with which to exorcise a spectre. It was a lasso, in the use of which he had by practice become so expert that he never failed to bring down his game.

It was a beautiful September evening when they stepped from the car at the station, which was scarcely a stone throw from Ingomar, and walked leisurely up the gravel-path to the mansion. Unexpected as was their arrival to the servants, it did not prevent Leonore from building a crackling hickory-wood fire in the grate of the long-deserted library nor Chloe from setting an excellent supper for them in the dining-room.

The only explanation the young men gave for their appearance was that Mr. Ashburton had disposed of the property and they had come to see that all was comfortable before the arrival of the new owner.

That night they occupied the bed-room adjoining the library, the doors of both rooms opening upon the hall being locked, while the communicating door was left open to allow the pleasantly heated air to enter. Not a sound disturbed their slumbers; they slept peacefully until the snow-

white sails on the river were tinged by the ruddy beams of the morning sun.

The next morning, after a breakfast of hot muffins, fried chicken, and excellent coffee, they explored the attic-room of which they had heard so much, and, although they spared no effort and had the aid of a lighted lamp, not a spot could they discover which could afford a hiding-place for even a mouse.

As the spectre declined paying them a visit when together, a little ruse was agreed upon to forward that result. Frank was to make that night a pretence of taking a walk to the village, but after putting on overcoat and gloves, and shutting the front door with emphasis, was to slip back into the bed-room; while Fred—lasso behind him—was to lie upon the lounge in the library. Both doors opening upon the hall were left ajar, while the communicating door was left open.

Frank was too excited to sleep, but Fred had dropped into a light slumber, when something like an icy hand touched his forehead. He sprang up, grasping his lasso; the little old lady glided through the door and had ascended three steps toward the attic, when the noose of the lasso tightened about her neck, and she came down with a resounding whack upon the floor. A piece of marble with which the icy hand had been simulated added to the din, the lace cap fell back disclosing a woolly head, the dough mask dropped off showing the features of an undersized mulatto girl.

"Oh! young mars'," she screamed, half dead with fright, "please, aa, let me go, an' I won't nebber play ghost no mo'. Nebber wanted to play ghost no how; kase I allus got skeered my ownself, but Aunt Chloe allus paid me, an' waited for me in de attic."

"What was it all done for?" inquired Fred, sternly.

"'Cause we wanted Miss Anna back," said Leonore, stepping from among the startled servants, who had huddled around the door; "dis place is hers; de missus done give it to her, an' nobody has a right here no how, 'cept Miss Anna."

"Yes, dat was jest it," echoed the trembling Ruby.

"Well, we will let you off, if you will show us the place where you disappeared," said Fred, turning to the culprit.

Highly gratified that the penalty was no heavier, Ruby ran lightly up the steps to the attic, followed by Fred and Frank, bearing a lamp.

"See dis yer weather boarden'?" said Ruby, rapping upon it with her knuckles; "spect you think dat is de end of de house, but it aint; 'an see dis yer sliden door?" slipping her fingers under the overlapping edge of one of the boards,

a door slipped noiselessly up, disclosing a long closet taken from that end of the attic. Inside of it stood Chloe.

"What could this place have been intended for?" said Fred, examining it intently.

"To hang de meat in," explained Ruby, briskly; "see dem hooks? After de smoke-house was done built, dis place was nebber used no mo' an' I spect it was forgot."

The next morning Fred and Frank went to Philadelphia, and then returned to Richmond, when Miss Anna heard the whole story of "the haunted house."

She wrote immediately to Mr. and Mrs. Ashburton, giving them an explanation of the mystery, and telling them that under the circumstances she would not hold them to the gift of Ingomar.

They replied by next mail, informing her that their minds had never been at ease since dispossessing her of her home, therefore freely and gladly restored it to her.

The very evening that her engagement with the Herberts concluded, she entered into one with Fred Herbert, and it was for life.

Cousin Frank gave the bride away, and afterward accompanied the happy couple to their home, where he witnessed the joy of the servants and the pleasure of the neighbors when they found who were the new owners.

Long and happily Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herbert dwelt there, the cheery voices of healthy, merry children resounding through the once deserted rooms, and the only "skeleton in their closet" was the lasso, which had captured the spectre that had haunted Ingomar.—*Author of "Timothy: His Neighbors and His Friends."*

**SELF-EDUCATION.**—The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual must chiefly be his own work. There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that, if a young man be sent first to a grammar-school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar; and the pupil himself is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surround him. But this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and young men must be awakened to the important truth that, if they aspire to excellence, they must become active and vigorous co-operators with their teachers, and work out their own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched, a perseverance that considers nothing done whilst anything yet remains to be done.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions to reflect that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

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## A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

"YOU are sure you will not feel afraid, Elsie?" said my husband, as he stood drawing on his gloves one bright winter afternoon, "because if you think you will I will stop off at Ashton, and send your brother up to stay while I am gone, even if it makes me late into the city. Still, I know you are perfectly safe here with the servants, so if you are sure you will not mind it I will go right on and catch the first train into the city, for the telegram says every moment is of importance!"

"I shall not be a bit afraid," I answered, "only lonely at having you away. I confess I dread that!"

"Yes, I know you will be lonely, dear," he said, with his arm around me, "and if it were not for this conglomeration of circumstances, I believe I would pick you up and take you along with me, late as it is! But you know Malcolm is coming to-night, and it would be rather a sorry welcome to find master and mistress both gone."

"It would never do!" I said, cheerily. "I must be here to give him a double welcome, to make up for his disappointment at not seeing you waiting to greet him. By the way, at what time did you say he would be here?"

"He says in his letter that he will arrive on Wednesday, the 12th, at—upon my word, I've forgotten at what hour!" he exclaimed, "I was in such a hurry when I read it, but I'll see!" thrusting his hand into his breast-pocket. Then as he drew it out empty, and hastily performed a like operation on all the other numerous pockets of man's apparel, he said, in a puzzled way—"I'm sure I put it in my breast-pocket—I must have lost it out at the depot when I stopped to answer that dispatch. Well, it does not matter much; it is on one of the evening trains, anyway. I shall feel happier about you, knowing that he will be here. He is capital company, and you will seem like old friends, you've heard so much of each other. But I must hurry off," he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "or I shall be too late! Now don't you get into the doldrums, my dear!" he said, giving me a gay little whirl, "but go and make yourself beautiful, and prepare to fascinate my stony old bachelor friend!" And with a last kiss, he dashed down the steps, jumped into the waiting cutter, called back, "Good-bye, my pet! Back to-morrow night, sure!" gave his gay horses the reins, and dashed down the avenue, flinging the snow behind him in a thousand tiny crystals.

I watched him from the veranda until he waved his hand to me as he rounded the curve from our grounds into the main road, and then turned back to our cozy parlor.

I had been a wife but a few months, and this

was the first time my husband had been obliged to be away from home over night unless I had accompanied him.

We lived about thirty miles from the city of C—. There was no village, but simply a collection of fine residences with large grounds, the homes of a number of gentlemen doing business in the city, with a station for their accommodation. As trains passed here at short intervals, we were really as conveniently situated as if we had been in the city, besides having all the pleasures of the country.

My husband was a member of a well-known law firm in the city, and it was on business connected with an important criminal case then pending that he had been called away.

After his departure, I stood at the window until I heard the whistle of the train bearing him away, caught a glimpse of the blue smoke as the locomotive went puffing across the strip of landscape between me and the distant hills, and then turned back to my fire and book. But the room did not seem as cheerful, nor the book as interesting as it had a few hours before. I very well knew the reason, and would not yield to the dreariness that was creeping over me, so I went out into the kitchen, where my good-natured Katy was at work, and told her of our expected guest.

"You had better have something warm and substantial for supper, Katy!" I said, "because Mr. Malcolm will be cold and hungry. And you need not have it ready before seven o'clock, because the train from New York is not due until nearly seven. Tell Dennis to drive down to the station then, and bring Mr. Malcolm to The Oaks."

But just then Dennis came in from going to the station with my husband, so after giving him his orders and sending him to build a fire in the guest chamber, I went with Nora, Katy's daughter, to superintend the arrangement of the room. In providing all I could think of for the comfort and pleasure of our expected guest I spent a good share of the dreaded afternoon, and it was in quite a cheerful frame of mind that I finally went to my room to dress for the evening.

I smiled as I thought of Charlie's bidding to make myself fascinating for his bachelor friend, and as I brushed and pinned back my heavy waves of hair, fell to wondering about this friend of Charlie's, how he would look, what he would think of Charlie's wife, and whether I would like him or not. I put on the dress my husband liked best, a blue silk, with quantities of soft, filmy lace at throat and wrists, and sighed and felt a little sad at thought of my absent one, but choking the feeling down, went slowly down to the parlor.

Through the open door of the dining-room I saw the waiting table bright with glass and silver, and looking up to the clicking little clock upon

the mantel, I found that it was quite seven o'clock.

Very soon after, I heard Dennis drive in, but, to my disappointment, he drove around to the stables instead of to the entrance.

In a moment Nora came in, saying, "Please, ma'am, father says there was no one there at all for The Oaks. He waited till there was no one left at all, and then he came back, because the next train from New York would not be here till ten past!"

"Very well, Nora," I answered, "then you may bring some supper for me, and Mr. Malcolm will have his when he comes."

So I loitered over my coffee, looked over some of the city papers Charlie had left for me, and then began again to think of Walter Malcolm.

He had been Charlie's dearest chum at college, and once in some of their boyish escapades had saved Charlie's life at the risk of his own, since which time they had been a modern Damon and Pythias. And after Walter had gone to Scotland to take possession of an estate left him by his grandfather, there had been an active correspondence between them, so regular and affectionate that I often declared myself jealous of Charlie's "love letters." But now he was about to be present with us in person, and I almost dreaded the meeting.

The evening slowly passed. Dennis again drove to the station, and soon after ten o'clock I heard the sleigh-bells jingling at the front entrance, and in a moment more met a tall, slender figure at the door, and welcomed Walter Malcolm.

As we sat at the table while he ate his late supper, I took a critical look at this new friend. Somehow I felt a strange constraint and disappointment. True, he was in general appearance somewhat as I had imagined him; he had the blonde hair and beard, and bonnie eyes of blue, that Charlie's description had led me to expect, but he was less robust in build, more delicate in form and feature, and far more silent and reserved than I had ever supposed. His eyes were the saddest I ever saw, and had a slow, dreamy way of meeting mine, as if he were reluctantly coming back from a mental journey to some place far away. His voice was strangely musical, but with a melancholy intonation that made me feel as if it covered a heart-break. He smiled but rarely, and then his eyes belied his lips.

We sat and talked by the parlor-fire a short time, and then I suggested that perhaps, as he was fatigued with his long journey, he would like to go to his room.

"Yes," he said, with a shiver, "it was a long, cold journey—very cold! I could feel it creep, creep, till it seemed as if all the blood in my veins were turning to ice! I think I have not

been warm since," then, as he looked up and met my eyes, he rose and said, "I am not quite well; I think I shall feel better after I have slept; I sleep but very little. It is late, too, and you will wish to rest."

So I rang for Katy to show him to his room and we said good-night.

But after my depressing visitor had gone and the house was quiet, I still sat where he had left me, wondering what had wrought this sad change in my husband's genial friend. I felt sleepless and dreaded the loneliness of my own room; so I drew a sofa up close before the glowing, open fire, threw on a fresh stick or two of wood, placed a lamp upon a small table by my side, and, taking my book, lay down to read myself sleepy.

I think my object must have been very soon attained; for the fire had not yet burned low when I felt a light touch on my face and woke in a sudden, confused way, thinking Charlie with me.

At first I could not realize where I was; but as I slowly turned my head I saw that the little table had been withdrawn, and in its place, in Charlie's easy chair, sat Walter Malcolm. In a dazed way I started to arise, but his hand detained me.

"Lie still, Althea, darling!" he said, "I will not disturb you. I only wanted to watch you as you slept, you looked so white and innocent! Lie down again and I will tell you how I found you. But be very still or they will hear us and take us back to the cold and dark again!" And he pushed my head back upon the cushion, while, in a vague, numbed way, my brain sought to solve this nightmare mystery.

He leaned back in his chair and stroked his mustache with his fingers, slender and white, like a woman's.

"How soft and white your throat is!" he said, in a low, caressing voice, as he leaned forward and drew his long, slender fingers across my neck. "Do you know, as I sat and watched the throbbing of the blood under your white skin I meant to put my hands around your tender throat and stop your breath forever?"

His fingers still gently stroked my throat as he talked and, with a horror that held me paralyzed, I realized that I was in the power of a madman.

Ten thousand thoughts darted through my brain in a moment, first and most terrible of which was my utter helplessness.

Dennis and his wife and daughter slept in a distant part of the large house, separated from me by several closed doors. Even could I have made my voice heard by them, before they could have reached me those cruel hands would have left but my lifeless body.

My brain was now clear and steady. I knew that my only reliance was my woman's wit. Life was very sweet to me, and I determined to make a brave struggle for it.

"Yes," he went on, slowly, "I meant to keep you sleeping till the Resurrection. But just as I touched you I saw the gleam of sunshine in your hair, and then, of course, I couldn't do it. Now if your hair had been black—I don't understand why your hair is not black, Althea!"

"But I am not Althea," I ventured; "I am Elsie Carleton, your old friend Charlie's wife. Don't you remember?"

"Ah, yes!" he said, leaning back once more in his chair, "I know now. I killed Althea long ago. I would have killed you, too, if you had not had the sunshine in your hair. Hers was black and waving, and her eyes were like brown velvet."

"Let me sit by the fire," I said, "and you can tell me about her."

But this he would not allow me to do.

"No, I want to feel the sunshine on my hands," he said; "it takes away some of the cold and pain." And his hand rested on my hair again, as he went on, in a dreamy monotone: "You know how I loved her! I thought the angels in Heaven could be no more fair and pure than she; I felt as if I were not good enough to touch her! And after we were married I used to watch her as she slept, and be afraid to close my eyes, sometimes, for fear I should awake and find her gone. She often used to wake and laugh at me and bid me sleep and lay her soft hand over my eyes to keep them closed."

"So for nearly two years she kept me loving and trusting her, like a blind fool, and then I found a letter from her, telling how she wearied of her bonds and how the gold and diamonds she had married me for did not suffice to satisfy her for the loss of the man she had really loved. O God! how those words seared into my brain!" and he clasped his forehead, with a low cry of pain that went to my heart.

"I never told her," he continued, "I only waited and suffered in silence, until I heard that her former lover had come from across the sea. Then I watched her. I saw how sad she grew, how she shrank from my kiss, dreaded my very presence at her side. Often I found her weeping alone, and I saw how pale and worn she grew. I lavished upon her all that my wealth and love could bestow, but it was in vain. Once she had not seemed unhappy with me, she had given me no reason to doubt that she loved me. But this was all over. She no longer laughed and sang, she would not mingle with the gay world, she only moved restlessly about our home, like some pale shadow, wan and silent. Then I grew to almost hate her; and yet I would have died to win her love."

"But one night, as she lay sleeping at my side, I saw her reach out her arms and heard her call his name, crying piteously for him to come back



to her. Then I rose softly and got the knife that I meant for her heart; for I knew that if she went away from his power before the sin had blackened her soul that she would by and by come back to me. But she looked so white and pure that I could not bear to mar her snowy beauty, so I took her soft, warm throat in my fingers and crushed her life out! Oh! how I loved her, my beautiful Althea! but I would not even kiss her mouth, that looked so childlike in her sleep, because *his* name had stained it!

"Then I can't remember any more until I awoke and found myself alone in the cold and dark. Ah! how cold it was! and the light was so dim! But by and by the sunshine came. At first it only came a little way; then it crept a little farther and a little farther, until I could touch it. And I held my hands in it to warm them, and let it play on my face. And then it came to see me almost every day, and was my friend through all that long, cold time.

"Sometimes Althea came, too, but when she stood in the sunshine I could never touch her. I never see her now. But when I saw you lying there, with your arm thrown over your head, as she used to lie, and your throat looking so soft and white, I thought I had found her. But, as I bent to touch you, I saw my sunshine laughing in your hair. Now if your hair had only been black—it used to be black, Althea; I cannot understand what has turned it into sunshine!" And again he drew his fingers over it in a perplexed way.

"But you know I am Elsie!" I said, "and if you will lie down here and let me sit by you I will soothe the trouble away and let you sleep and forget Althea."

"No, I know your plans," he said; "when I am asleep you will leave me, and I shall never see you again! It is better to let you die now, before the sin blackens your soul. It is only a shadow now, and by and by it will fade away and give my darling back to me!"

While he talked a hundred plans ran riot through my thoughts. If he would only release me from my place upon the sofa I thought I might by some fortunate chance escape from the room. But as yet he would scarcely permit me to move, but sat and sometimes stroked my hair or touched my throat with his long, supple fingers.

Oh! how my very soul shuddered under his touch! How long, I thought, can I endure this, and what will be the end? Now I wonder that I could have endured it at all. But still I held my nerves steady and led him on to talk to me. For I noticed that whenever his mind was led to regard his trouble as in the past, he would lean back quietly in his chair and talk in a calm though earnest manner, but as soon as he began to think of me as Althea he grew excited, and I feared lest in sudden frenzy he might re-enact the tragedy he

had so fearfully portrayed. But his story was drawing to its close. Again he called me "Althea" and reproached me, and went over again his theory that if I died while only in the shadow of my sin he might win me back. And again I would recall to him that I was Elsie, and that Althea was waiting to love him in another world.

So the slow moments dragged along until the little clock above the fireplace had pointed to the hour of midnight and the great clock in the hall had measured out its twelve brazen strokes, while every stroke seemed beating on my brain as I thought of the long hours before morning, and felt that even if I lived I, too, should surely be mad.

The fire had faded to a few smoldering embers, and the room grew cold.

"Oh! I am so cold!" I cried. "Please let me put more wood upon the fire!"

He looked around, then back at me.

"I do not see any," he said.

"But I will get it from the hall," I answered, with a faint gleam of hope.

He shook his head. "I know your plans," he said; "I know how you will steal out of the great hall and go with him across the sea!"

"But I am only Elsie," I said, "and I am cold. See how I shiver! And you are cold, too; soon you will be as cold as in that dreadful time you told me of. If you will not let me get the wood, I will tell you where it is and let you get it. Then we will have a grand fire, and it will roar and crackle and make it so warm and bright that you will forget that cold, dark time."

For a moment he half rose from his chair, and my heart beat fast with hope. Then he sank back again.

"No matter!" he said; "we can warm us in the sunshine!" Then, peering at me a moment, he said, fiercely: "No—it is gone! and your hair is growing black again!"

Then my heart shook with terror. It was the firelight that had brought out the gold of my hair, and now that it had burned low he found the "sunshine" gone! But I put up my hand and drew out the pins and comb that held my heavy tresses, and saying, "Oh! no, the sunshine is only hiding. See!" I sat up and let them fall around me like a mantle. And as the light fell on me, again the "sunshine" glowed in my hair.

But at this moment the bell at the door clanged out a call that sent the blood through my veins like fire! Again and again it echoed sharply through the silence, while we two stood as if turned to stone. Then we heard heavy knocking upon the door and still the clanging bell; then Dennis's heavy step, confused voices in the hall, and then the door was flung open and three men rushed in.

"Thank God! she is alive!" cried one; then I



heard nothing more except my own voice in a strange, sharp scream that seemed reaching my ear through a darkness like death.

And then hours of strange terror, from which I emerged at last to find beside me my husband, my mother, my faithful Katy—only the dear, kind faces that I knew and the blessed daylight!

"Oh! thank God—only a dream!" I cried.

"Yes, darling, a nightmare!" my Charlie answered me, as he held a glass to my lips; and then again I slept.

But the doctors in the next room kept their post until my half-crazed brain could bear the truth and the danger was over.

Then I rallied enough to resume again the routine of living, to meet my husband's friend, Walter Malcolm, and listen to his story, but never to even look into the room where I had suffered my terrible experience, nor could I pass its closed doors without a nervous terror that shook me from head to foot.

So Charlie took me away and sold the place and its furniture, and we built us another nest.

But now to explain this singular experience.

It seems that Walter Malcolm had intended to arrive at seven o'clock, as I had supposed, but a blockaded track had caused him so much delay that he did not reach our station till after twelve o'clock. He then inquired of the agent at our station where he could find a conveyance to reach our residence, telling him who he was. The agent looked puzzled, then said:

"It's sort of queer! Their man Dennis was here at ten, asking if Mr. Malcolm had arrived for The Oaks, and a man stepped up and said he was the gentleman named and went off with him."

"Well, I am certainly Walter Malcolm," said Charlie's friend.

"Well, *he* was Mr. Walter Malcolm, too!" said the agent; "I heard him say so!"

"What's that?" sharply inquired a keen-faced man who had entered in time to catch a few words. The circumstance was repeated to him. "Describe the man," he said, briefly. This was done. He beckoned another man to him, caught Walter Malcolm by the arm, crying, "Quick, for God's sake!" rushed down the platform, followed by his companions, jumped into a waiting vehicle, and putting the whip to his horses reached our house as speedily as possible, fearing a terrible tragedy.

He was the keeper of a private asylum for the insane a few miles beyond the city, and had traced its escaped inmate, Edwin Sheldon, to our station, and was on the alert to get tidings of him when he found his clue; and Charlie's lost letter had caused all the mischief! The fugitive had found it, and with a maniac's strange cunning had resolved to personate the writer. Walter's letter

had spoken of his being personally a stranger to me. Dennis had said to the agent that his master was away; hence, the way was easy for him to find a refuge where his pursuers would not be likely to look for him.

The story he had told me was only too true. His loss of faith in his young wife had been a deathblow to heart and reason. He had strangled her as she slept, and was found raving mad, with her dead body in his arms.

Hopelessly insane, and considered exceedingly dangerous, his friends had placed him in the asylum, from which he had escaped by nearly killing his keeper.

The real Walter Malcolm was as unlike him as possible, and a perpetual tonic to me on my way to cheerfulness again.

But it was months before I would allow myself to be left alone, even in daylight, and to this day if I am obliged to remain any length of time in a room by myself I lock the doors.

S. P. S.

## A PLEA FOR THE USE OF BELLS.

OF late years a strenuous effort has been made in our larger cities to abolish, in a great measure, the use of bells; but I would fain utter a plea in their behalf, in the spirit of the poet pleading, "Woodman, spare that tree."

I think a large part of the poetry of life would be lost if the use of bells were to be abrogated; for there is no other inanimate object that has been, from time immemorial, so linked with the destiny of man as a bell, so closely associated with his religious aspirations and worship and with the great epochs of his life, his seasons of peculiar joy or of deep sorrow.

First, let us consider the church-bell, conveying a sacred message and summons to us. How tenderly, yet how solemnly, does it seem to call us to the sanctuary! If its voice is to be silenced, we will be deprived of an important prelude to Divine worship; for one who has always been accustomed to this summons learns to link it with the idea of the sanctuary and its services, and its tolling seems to bring him into a more fitting state for these. One of Napoleon's biographers tells us of his being much affected one evening, on the island of St. Helena, on hearing the tolling of a church-bell. If it could thus touch his cold, hard, ambitious heart, what an influence may we not suppose it to wield over loving and contrite hearts? To them it seems almost like the voice of an angel. That bells were used in the service of the sanctuary thousands of years ago is evident from the fact that in the Levitical Code it was ordered that they should form a part of the High Priest's dress, "and beneath, upon the hem of it, thou

shalt make pomegranates of blue and of purple and of scarlet round about the hem thereof, and bells of gold between them; round about, a golden bell and a pomegranate; a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about \* \* \* and it shall be upon Aaron to minister and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place and when he cometh out, that he die not."—*Ex. xxviii, 33-5.*

Not only has it been the office of the church-bell to call men to worship, but it has been employed to announce the two greatest events in human destiny, except birth, viz.: marriage and death. How solemn, sweet, and significant was the old custom of announcing the passing away of a soul by the tolling of the bell! the number of strokes representing the number of years to which the dead had attained. It was a beautiful and touching way to make the announcement; it floated out upon the air from the sanctuary where the dead had been wont to worship. Then it was sweet to have the church-bells ring out, as if in solemn joy and benediction, over a bridal couple.

There seems to be an instinctive tendency in human nature to celebrate alike great joys and great sorrows, great victories and great calamities, by the tolling of bells. A great national victory is celebrated by the ringing of bells, and the people are warned of the approach or presence of great dangers and disasters by the tolling of the alarm-bell. Every one who has lived during a war probably knows something of that awful sound. We used to hear it sometimes during those eventful days we passed through twenty odd years ago.

In her poem, entitled "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," Jean Ingelow alludes to the time-honored custom of announcing disasters by the tolling of bells:

"The old Mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three.  
'Pull if ye never pulled before,  
Good ringers, pull your best,' quoth he."

In one of his loveliest poems, "The Song of the Bell," Schiller traces the connection between human life and a bell, while our own poet, Edgar Poe, gives us a charming poem on the subject of the various kinds of bells and the different sentiment they express. First he tells us of sleigh-bells—

"Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"  
Then he tells us of wedding-bells—

"Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their melody foretells!"  
Then he treats of "loud alarm-bells"—

"Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!"

and lastly of iron bells, presumably church-bells—

"What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!"

Among the many poets who have written about bells, there is Tom Moore, who gave us a very pretty song on the bells of St. Petersburg—

"Those evening bells, those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth and hope and that sweet time  
When first I heard their soothing chime."

In his "In Memoriam," Tennyson has some beautiful lines on ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, from which we infer that such a custom exists or has existed in England:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Long may the use of bells continue, seeing they are so intimately associated with the idea of the sanctuary and its services and all the deep and important experiences of human life.

MARY W. EARLY.

## WORTHINESS.

WHATEVER lacks purpose is evil; a pool without pebbles breeds slime;  
Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of time;  
Nor ever came good without labor, in toil or in science or art;  
It must be wrought out through the muscles—born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plow in the stubble with plowshares? Why winnow the chaff from the grain?  
Ah! since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since truth is not born without pain!  
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the foolish in deeds;  
Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwinds to naught,  
So the song without truth is forgotten; His poem to man is man's thought.  
Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness woven, soul-pure,  
Is known to the Master of singers; He toucheth it, saying, "Eadure!"

## CREATURE COMFORTS.

WE are like an old man whom we knew in our childhood. A good man he was "to all the country"—not "dear," but useful; a real, worldly minded, sharp, shrewd manager, trying to earn a penny here and there. One of his pet phrases was, "I've bin meditating." He said this, however, oftenest on Sundays and days of church-meetings, and therein lay the fun of it. He was a good old man, Uncle Nathan was, and he has been sleeping in the creek-valley these many, many years.

We thought of him this morning, when our meditations were on life, its joys and comforts and realities, the beginning, the dawn of the life that never knows the setting of the sun nor the rising thereof.

"How happy we are," said the voice beside us. And the same words fall upon our ear often—at morning, noon, and night—and this set us to meditating, wondering why it is so. And we wondered if we were so wrapped in our selfish selves that we saw not beyond the boundary of home and the duties we owe to others; wondered if the happiness came from within or without; was it of our own making or was it the reflection from without, vanishing and evanescent, fading with the first passing cloud?

Making the best of everything is the key to happiness. A contented mind is wealth.

It was a little thing, but we never will forget the pleasure of a three-days' visit at the home of a family who were glad all the time. We learned one of our first lessons there. We saw exemplified the words of Solomon, who wisely said: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

While the family were at breakfast one morning, Tommy, a ten-years'-old lad, studying geography, said, "Lotta, when I smell the coffee that Mary Jane is pouring out I think of Arabia." And then the child, in an easy way, while he was spreading his bread, talked about that country—that it was fifteen hundred miles long and eight hundred wide; that it was bonDED on three sides by water, and the Isthmus of Suez connected it to Africa; that the Tropic of Cancer ran through it; spoke of the simoon, the palm, the productions; its aromatic herbs, plants, and gums; horses, camels, minerals, and precious stones. And then Lotta added something about the men and women and the bright little children that are taught early to read, write, and calculate figures.

The father said he was reminded of the tales in *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* while he sipped his coffee. The mother said she thought of the sultry suns and the waving palms and the "ships of the desert" and the faithful coursers who bore their burdens uncomplainingly. And dear grandma,

who was a Bible student, saw greater and grander pictures than any of us.

It was a very delightful commingling of what we saw in the amber coffee that morning at breakfast. Every meal was seasoned with pure delights, and the evenings were filled with pleasant recreations, to which every member of the family contributed.

Do we always make the best of what is set before us? Do we not too often dispose of the food hurriedly, as though it were a duty, instead of a pleasure?

If we sit down with a grateful and a contented spirit, the simple white bread, broken into milk, will be enjoyed more than a sumptuous repast if discontent and fault-finding abide in the heart.

When you spread your honey on your bread and butter, do you think of Hybla, with its yellow bees and sweet wines? do you see the bee gathering its treasures from the nodding clovers and the garden-flowers, and the blooming locusts, with their swinging, sweet-scented blossoms? do you think of its exceeding fineness and purity?

When you see the butter, dewy and golden, do your thoughts go out to the meadows and wide pastures, fields, and hillsides? and do you see the gentle cows standing in the pools or drinking from the brooks that widen and narrow and turn and curvet among bending boughs that give grateful shade and shelter? Do you think of children driving home the cattle when the evening sun makes shadows lengthen? and of gushing springs and stone troughs and clean milk houses and careful dairy-maids fresh as the roses about their bed room windows?

Does your snowy slice of bread bring up country scenes and beautiful pastoral pictures of waving wheat-fields, now green, now golden, moving like tranquil billows stirred into low waves by the soft summer winds that ripple upon them?

Does the cream carry your mind away to some beloved ancestral home hidden among tall old trees, with the gurgle of the spring anear?

Does the sensibly cooked steak bring to your mind visions like Whittier saw so regally, when he wrote his rare song of "The Drovers"?

"Each stately bove bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining,  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining."

Do eggs call back the days of the search in sneaking places and fragrant hay-mows, and the joy in finding new nests? the fruit awing the imagination into luscious orchards redolent of fruity odors—pears, of yellow-green peaches, sunny and golden and red on the side that had been turned up to sky and sunshine; apples from trees planted by grandsires' hands, now dust these

many years; plums, with flavor finer than the sparkling wines, and berries gathered on ferny woodlands or in the picturesque tangles of neglected fence-rows that had been given up to nesting birds and riotous, wild vines and rank mints and coarse, flaunting flowers?

All these common things that we count as the plain prose of every-day life are steeped in poetry. There is gladness and beauty in everything.

There is a world-wide difference in our lives. We do not all look upon creature comforts alike; God gives them to us. They are good because He is love.

The pain and care and trouble we make for ourselves does nobody any good. Our weak complaints enfeeble our minds and cloud our faith and give pain to those around us. Those who best appreciate this earthly life and try to make it for themselves and others all it can be of beauty and blessing, are surest to climb the hills of God in the light of a golden eternity.

"You set too much store on creature comforts; you should not value them so highly," said an old gentleman to his brother's wife, in whose family he boarded. She had just said, "Why how delightful every thing is to-day!"

Her tea-table was set near an open window; her vines and plants trailed over the lattice; the wild birds were singing in the cedars that clustered in one corner of the door-yard; the splash of water was in hearing distance; the fields lay green between the house and the high hills that circled the thriving village; the old mill, with its sloping roof, was in the background; the garden and the walks were aglow with flowers, and the soft, summer evening skies covered all of the beautiful picture.

She looked up at him, and a pained expression swept over her face.

"I hope I do no wrong," she said; "but God has made everything so good for our enjoyment in this world."

And the brother-in-law, Joseph, replied that the things of the world were so fleeting we should not set any store by them, that if we would gain Heaven it behooved us to live with that end in view. The poor, pinched, anxious, worried face showed that God's great peace did not dwell in his heart. The woman's face was open, cheerful, upward, as if she took life at its best, and looked beyond its sunshine and shadow to the home that will never grow old and tiresome. She had faith and hope and courage. Sorrows had come to her in the death of children, but they were understood and she did not brood over them in grief.

When Joseph rose to leave the bright home he said:

"Oh! well, well, dear me! I hope the next world will not be as bad as this, anyhow."

And the little robin in the household cheer-

fully chirped out, while the sweet light of serene joy illumined her plain face:

"If I find it as good as this, I shall be perfectly satisfied;" and her laugh was very musical and heartsome.

The little woman a minute after tapped on the window-sill to the schoolma'am passing, going home too tired to cook a warm meal, going to eat a bit of bread and butter only after the toils and trials of the busy day.

"Come in, Roe," she said; "there is just enough supper left for one girl; one cup of tea, one nice fish, three biscuits, a dessert of strawberries, and a slice of loaf-cake."

The wan face looked up hesitating, a little ashamed, but the cheery, "Come, Roe," assured her that the pleasure was not all her own. There was a trace of tears on Roe's face, and the kindness came very nearly starting anew the flood.

After supper, while they were looking at a piece of fancy work, the woman, Grace Dean, said:

"I cannot recall one of the stitches I used to make. It has gone from me. I was working that kind when Ada died, and years after when I wanted to finish it I could not remember it. In thinking about it to-day I was led into a new train of thought that was very helpful—the blessedness of forgetting. Did you ever think how wise God is in His dealings with us? How good it is to forget! It would be sad enough if we could never remember anything out of the past, but, Roe, it would be thousands worse if we could never forget anything at all. How miserable we would be if the vivid distinctness of our sorrows did not become dulled and finally half forgotten. If we remembered the unkind things that unjust people say of us, we would be stung to the verge of madness half the time. And if we remembered the foolish and unwise doings of our younger years, the old misunderstandings, the troubles that came between us and those we love, how miserable we would be! At first we lay awake nights, and we sorrowed and said we could never forget or forgive, never live through the anguish of the present, never get over the disappointment, never have faith in another human being, and sometimes we have doubted God's goodness and said He had turned His face away from us; the heavens are brass, the earth is bleak, and Heaven is so far away that if we had the heart to strive for its peace we never could gain it."

Just here the poor teacher cried aloud. She had trouble, and unwittingly had her good neighbor touched her case.

It was a long story. She had been misrepresented; friends had proved false; her dreams had not been fulfilled; her heart had been pained, and she had been dragging soul and body wearily for many days.

An aunt had wronged her, had written a letter to Roe's mother, in which were unkind allusions to the poor girl.

"I feel as if I never could forgive her," she said, but Grace Dean held up her hand, and the rest of the sentence was unspoken. And then the two women conversed, and little by little the elder led the teacher into a kinder frame of mind.

When the girl tied on her hat and started down the street she was quite happy, for the woman who loved creature comforts and found this world good enough to live in had a wonderful transforming power in making beautiful the dark places and blessed the shadowed places. And as Uncle Nathan said at the beginning of our article, these things set us, world-lover as we are, to "meditation."

No one should say "this vile body," since it is created in His image. No one need blush if good health makes round dinners really palatable and enjoyable. There is no sensuality in admiring every beautiful created form of life, no undue love of creature comforts if a tired mortal on retiring after a weary day, says, "I thank the Lord for a good bed," or, for the cheering cup of tea in the morning. It is not trivial. It speaks of a grateful heart, thankful and appreciative for the enjoyments of this world.

It is not wrong to try to be beautiful, to take care of one's self, to be admired by one's family and friends. Flowers, and all things in nature, His handiwork, are beautiful and in harmony, and they give pleasure. If we find delight in these outward things our souls will grow symmetrical. We should study, enjoy recreation, music, pictures, the drama, society, poetry, and everything that can broaden and give culture and inspiration. No beauty-loving soul can remain dull and poor and very unhappy if he understands the value of that wider land that lies free to the soul that loves; for

"Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,  
In hovel or on throne?"

"Is that not mine in which I hourly take  
My largess of delight?  
Are not all things created for his sake  
Who reads their meaning right?  
Is it not mine, this landscape I behold—  
Mine to enjoy and use,  
For all life's noblest uses, though no gold  
Has made it mine to lose?  
I know the wood-paths where the feet of spring  
Have left their print in flowers;  
And all the carols that the wild birds sing  
Through the long summer hours."

"I watch the changeful light upon the grass,  
The wind waves in the grain;  
I note the swift cloud-shadows as they pass  
Above the breezy plain."

Mine are the stillness of the autumn noons,  
The peace of tranquil eves,  
The sunset splendors, and the glimmering moons,  
The rain fall on the leaves.

"I cannot count the half of daily joys  
Which kindly Nature gives;  
For while some homely task my hands employs,  
With her my spirit lives.  
Nor these alone the pleasures that I know,  
The riches I possess;  
Still other things are mine, and they bestow  
A deeper happiness."

"For unto me the past, with all its store  
Of untold wealth, belongs;  
To me the singers and the saints of yore  
Repeat their prayers and songs.  
For me again the long past centuries yield  
The harvest of their thought;  
My gleanings brings me sheaves from many a field,  
Where stronger hearts have wrought."

"Mine is the present, too; nor let it be  
Despised as little worth;  
I cannot tell of all the good I see  
Each day upon the earth.  
What matters that my hands may never touch  
The hands I venerate?  
I thank my God that He has given such  
To guide and guard the State."

"And for the future—but I may not speak  
Of all I hope for then!  
The glories of that city which I seek  
No tongue can tell, nor pen;  
So the day rounds to fullness, and the night  
Is blessed, like the day;  
For God, who makes the darkness and the light,  
Keeps every fear away."

ROSELLA RICE.

JUDGMENT.—There is probably no human faculty that is more in need of faithful and patient cultivation than the judgment, for there is none that has more complications to deal with or more difficulties to overcome. Nevertheless, there is perhaps none which receives less systematic discipline or upon which people generally are less willing to expend labor and thought. They train their children's memory, exercise their powers of expression, school them in habits of industry, endurance, patience, and self-control, but seldom discipline their judgment or teach them how to draw correct conclusions. That, they suppose, is something which time and experience will do for them; yet, when they see what hasty opinions and ill-advised judgments are continually formed by older people, they might infer that some definite education in this respect was necessary for both young and old.

BEWARE of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.



## HOW TO DRESS BECOMINGLY.

By ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

### TRAVELING AND CHURCH COSTUME.

IT is often said that the style of dress worn in traveling and at church stamps the lady more decidedly than anything else can, and that it should be quiet and subdued is the first consideration. Showy adjuncts of any kind—light kid gloves, jewelry, superabundant trimmings, etc.—are quite unsuitable for traveling. Wind, rain, sun, and dust are all to be considered in a journey of any length, and materials should be selected which will bear these contingencies and be serviceable for other like occasions.

For summer wear, thin fabrics of silk and wool are both suitable and comfortable, and where expense need not be closely considered, a plain-colored silk, either in foulard or summer silk, makes a very lady-like traveling-dress. Flannel is cheaper, and, when nicely made, looks very well; but it is extremely hot for those who suffer with heat. A thin cashmere or cheap nun's-veiling is better.

It is a great mistake, however, to suppose—as some appear to do—that *anything* will answer for a traveling dress and that old finery here finds its legitimate use. In traveling, one is more exposed to public criticism than at any other time; and freshness and neatness, at least, should characterize the dress. If an old walking or visiting costume is used for traveling, all superfluous flounces and trimmings should first be removed, because they catch dust, if for no other reason; and if the dress "trains," it should be cut as short as possible. If there is one occasion more than another when an inordinately long dress justifies strong language, it is in traveling.

For winter wear, waterproof cloth, now that it is not confined to the ugly "pepper-and-salt" hue, will be found most serviceable, and even the hat can be made of the same and trimmed with silk or velvet; for a hat is always allowable in traveling for persons of almost any age—it is so much more comfortable than a bonnet and more easily kept in place. A felt hat, of a color to match the dress or to harmonize with it, makes a very appropriate finish.

White skirts should be avoided, even in summer, because of their propensity to soil—dark linen being the best for summer wear and woolen for winter. The stockings should match the dress in color and the feet be well protected by strong, thick-soled boots—lighter ones being allowable in summer.

Gloves of undressed kid are very lady-like in appearance, but in the warmest weather tulle thread will be found more agreeable. Collar and cuffs of plain linen—or its imitations, paper and celluloid—are the orthodox finish, the latter materials offering the advantage of not requiring to be laundered. The cheap frills, that can be bought in packages of a dozen for twenty-five cents, and even less, are preferred by many, and even if renewed daily they are less expensive than having things "done up."

A handsome umbrella is an indispensable finish to a lady's traveling dress, being necessary in summer to keep off the sun and *always* for possible storms, and a shabby umbrella stamps a person at once as a case of "premeditated poverty." A thick veil that can be fastened at pleasure over the hat or face or both is quite as necessary.

A light but roomy bag, like a huge pocket, is always invaluable on a journey of almost any length, as, besides holding the needed lunch—for anything really eatable can seldom be found at the wayside stopping places—it accommodates the thousand and one things which a woman insists upon finding a use for in traveling for a single night. Some of these affairs are really elegant and, of course, expensive, but moderate-priced ones can be found that look well and yield a wonderful amount of comfort for the investment.

On one occasion a lady with deft fingers purchased a convenient, but very plain, low-priced bag and re-covered it in such a way that it was the admiration of all who saw it. She used *écru* canvas and covered it well with designs in brown and gold, her initials being handsomely worked on one side. It did not take a great deal of time, and the expense was comparatively small, but the bag was really beautiful and perfectly unique.

Dress worn at church should be more subdued in tone than that intended for the fashionable promenade or for paying visits, but it need neither be poor nor careless. Ostentatious display is most repugnant to one's ideas of reverence for this holy place; and yet how many there are who seem to have left all such thoughts out of the question. The rustling of silks up the aisle after the commencement of service and the powerful odor of perfumery often exhaled by the wearers are marks of decided ill-breeding, while ornaments that dangle and rattle are equally disturbing both to clergyman and congregation.

The adoption of a uniformly plain and even sombre costume for church—a mantle, perhaps, wrapping the entire figure, as is the custom with some foreign nations—would be a great improvement upon the American style of making this an occasion for displaying the latest fashions. How often has some poor, distracted soul, trying in vain to fix her attention on better things, while sitting directly behind Mrs. N—'s wonderful bonnet or Mrs. B—'s newest Paris dress, been compelled in spite of herself to study every quivering ornament and cunningly tied bow on the former and to inspect the back seams and intricate drapings of the latter!

The flash of diamonds is never more out of place than in a house of worship, yet every turn of some worldly head reveals the glittering ear-drops that should be worn only in connection with evening dress or carriage visiting costume. Bracelets, lockets, showy chains, all merely ornamental appendages, should be strictly banished, while modest, unassuming attire that does not challenge attention is both reverent and becoming.

A black silk dress that does not rustle, or one

of soft woollen goods that cannot, as handsome in material as one's purse will allow, with an unobtrusive bonnet and other belongings in harmony,

form a most suitable costume for church wear, and the ordinary walking attire of a lady in taste and feeling will not be out of place.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

"WE'VE had a good deal o' trouble in our school for the last two years," said 'Squire Holcomb to the "new teacher," "but I reckon you won't be bothered as the others was afore ye, for we've took a vote on't and John Emerson aint to be 'lowed to 'tend. He was the one that made all the trouble; he's a good-for-nothin', shiftless critter, comes o' poor stock, an' haint no frien's, an' there's no gettin' along with him. I rather think you won't hev no trouble in keepin' the rest on 'em straight."

"No frien's," repeated Miss Wayne, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. "It is a hard lot to be without friends, I know that; for I have been friendless. But has any one ever tried to be a friend to this boy you have been telling me about?"

"I rather guess folks haint put themselves out much in that d'rection," answered 'Squire Holcomb. "'Twouldn't ha' done no good ef they had. Ye see, the Emersons haint amounted to nothin' ever sence I knew 'em. Ol' man Emerson, he used to drink like a fish, an' so'd his father. The women was shiftless, though I never wondered at that any—most women would ha' been the same with sech men as they had. 'Taint none to be wondered at, I s'pose, that the childern should be lazy an' sassy an' reg'lar nuisances to the hull neighborhood. Two on 'em died last year o' typhoid pneumonia, an' 'twas a good thing for them an' ev'rybody else that they did. There haint but two left now, John and Nance. Nance's got a place to work, an' I've heard she was doin' better'n anybody expected she would. Mebbe, if if they could be took right away from the old foks they'd 'mount to somethin', but I dunno, I dunno," added the 'Squire, shaking his head slowly, "what's bred into 'em must come out, I s'pose. There's one good thing to be said 'bout John: he won't tech a drop o' liquor—can't be got to no way. I wonder at it, seein's how his father's sich an old soaker."

"Perhaps he has seen the evil effects of it and has profited by the lesson," suggested Miss Wayne. "Mebbe," said the 'Squire, "but prob'ly he'll git to drinkin' when he gets older. The appetite 'll come out strong when it *does* come, see if it don't."

"I don't like to think that any one is excluded from school privileges," said Miss Wayne to the 'Squire, after supper. "I wonder if I couldn't get along with this boy?"

"I'd like to know how you'd go to work to do it," chuckled the 'Squire, looking the little teacher over critically. "why, the last teacher we had was a man, six feet high, an' he couldn't manidge the boy, an' ef he couldn't, what do you s'pose you could do, eh?"

"How did he try to 'manage' him?" asked Miss Wayne.

"He give him more'n half a dozen good thrashin's," answered the 'Squire. "He took a hoss-whip to him twice to my certain knowledge, but it didn't seem to do a bit o' good—only made him worse, I reckon."

"I wouldn't wonder if it did," said Miss Wayne, with a smile. "Where do the Emersons live? Could I find the place? I would like to see the boy. Such a lad needs an education more than the children of ordinary parents."

"Oh! you can find the Emerson place easy enough," answered the 'Squire, "but 'twon't do no good. Better pay no 'tention to the boy, I say. Hark! somebody's a whoopin' down the hill-road an' I'll bet it's John. He's allus a msk'in' a racket an' raisin' Cain. I'll keep watch, an' ef 't's him I'll let ye know an' you can call him in an' hev a talk with him, if yer bound to, though I know't won't do no good."

"I'd rather talk with him alone," said Miss Wayne. "I don't think it would have a good effect to talk with him about coming to school before others. I find that such lads are more sensitive than they get credit for being, as a general thing."

The 'Squire smiled a little at the idea of John Emerson being sensitive.

"It's him," he said, as a figure came in sight at the corner of the road. "I was sure 'twas from the hollerin'."

"I'll walk along with him a little way," said Miss Wayne. "If it doesn't do any good, it certainly will do no harm to have a talk with him."

"No, I s'pose 'twon't," said the 'Squire; "but you'll be wastin' yer breath. Now you see 't 'taint so."

Miss Wayne put on her hat and went down the path as John Emerson came along the road. She gave him a nod and a smile. He stared at her with considerable surprise. Evidently he was not used to such notice.

"I'm the new teacher," she said. "School begins on Monday, you know. I suppose you belong in this district, so, in one sense, you are my property, and I'd like to get acquainted with you."

John looked at her with a suspicious eye. Miss Wayne looked at him good-naturedly and made a mental estimate of him. She decided that the boy had the making of a man in him. His nature had been perverted, his moral principle ignored, and in consequence dwarfed. Under proper treatment the germ of manhood could be coaxed into an attempt at development. The boy must be led, not driven.

"I want to talk with you," she said. "I'm going to be frank with you. They tell me you have the reputation of being the worst boy in school."

"Shouldn't wonder," said John, with a grin.

He was evidently rather proud of the distinction.

"They tell me, too, that the School Board has thought it necessary to pass a resolution excluding you from the school this winter."

"I don't care if they have," said John. "School don't do me no good, anyway. There aint no fun in it."

"What do you call fun?" asked Miss Wayne.

"Oh! havin' a good time," said John, after some deliberation.

"Then school ought to afford you the best kind of fun," she said. "What do you expect to do when you get to be a man?"

"Dun no 's I expect to be anything," answered John.

"But you would like to be something, wouldn't you?"

"Guess there haint much danger of old Bill Emerson's son being much," was the reply, with a grin. But back of the grin Miss Wayne saw a little flicker of longing, a reaching out of the boy's starved nature toward something he never expected to possess.

"Now, John, I want to tell you what I think. You can be a man, a good man, a useful man, if you try. It all depends on that. If you don't try you'll never be anything. That is plain. You know that to be so. It may be that circumstances have been against you. All of us have to fight against circumstances more or less. The boy or man who has to fight the hardest deserves the most credit if he wins. Now I want to help you. I can do it if you will let me—if you will help yourself. They tell me you have few or no friends. I will be your friend. I want to be. I know what it is to need friendly words and assistance. Because I know that from a sad experience, I am all the more anxious to be a friend to such as you when I find them. They have voted to keep you out of the school. I want you to attend. I can get them to consent to your attendance if you will try to be a good boy and take advantages of the opportunity. Will you do this? Will you prove to the neighborhood that you are not so bad a boy as they think you to be?"

"I dunno," answered John, with a good deal of hesitation. He had never had the matter placed before him in this way before. It puzzled him.

"Think it over," said Miss Wayne. "Look at it in this way. You have a chance to do something for yourself, to make a start in the right direction. I feel sure that you would like to be a man among men. Everybody thinks you will never amount to anything. You won't if you don't try. Show them that you mean to make something of yourself. Convince them that they are wrong in their estimate of you. I am told that the other teachers have tried to govern you by severe methods of punishment. I don't believe in that way of doing it. I shall try to govern by kindness. If that fails I shall let the School Board carry out their vote. But I hope—I am quite sure—there will be no need to refer the matter to them. Think it all over, John, and come to school Monday morning. Remember that it is for your own good that I ask you to do this. I am thinking of that and not of any personal benefit I might derive from it. Look at the matter earnestly. Think of what you would like to be and of what you will be if you neglect such

opportunities and decide to make an effort to get out of the rut you are in. You can if you will try. Remember that."

John went home in a very thoughtful mood.

"She's a queer thing," he said to himself that night, after he had gone to bed. "Of course, she don't want me to come to school because it'll be any good to her, an' nobody ever seemed to care about my doin' anything that 'ud be fer my good afore. Don't see why she should care—I hain't none o' her folks. She talked real good, anyway. I'd like to show 'em I can come to school in spite o' their votin' I shouldn't, but I don't s'pose 'twould do any good. There haint no chance fer me to 'mount to anything. Father's an ol' drunkard, an' everybody's down on us. But it's so what she said 'bout not bein' anything if I don't try. I'd like to be if I could. I'd like to show 'em I aint a fool, jest 'cause I'm ol' Bill Emerson's son."

Miss Wayne felt sure she would see John on Monday morning, and she did. His clothes were patched, but they were clean, and his face had a clean look, a bright look, that showed an ability to learn if that ability could only be awakened. One thing touched her; that was the defensive air John seemed to wear at all times. It told as plainly as words could that he felt that "everybody was down on him." He expected to be obliged to "stand up for his rights" at any and all times.

It was as Miss Wayne expected. The children had heard their parents speak slightly of John, and they reflected the opinions of their parents in their treatment of him. She took pains to show them that she wanted him treated as an equal in the school-room. She checked the disposition "to run on him," as John expressed it, as soon as she discovered it. She was careful to give the children to understand, by her conduct toward John, that she trusted him and intended to help him all she could; that she was his champion, in fact, and that she should resent as a personal affront any attempt to make the boy's position in the school unpleasant and disagreeable.

"How's John Emerson gettin' 'long?" asked 'Squire Holcomb, after a week had gone by.

"Very well," answered Miss Wayne. "He has caused me no trouble whatever. I find him to be naturally a bright, quick-witted boy. I think I shall succeed in getting him interested in study."

"Oh! he's smart enough," said the 'Squire, "no mistake 'bout that, but he's been brought up so. That's what's the trouble with him."

"He is just what your boy would be if he had no friends," said Miss Wayne.

"Mebbe that's so," said the 'Squire. "But I shouldn't wonder if you had trouble with him. If you don't, it will be a merrikle."

Miss Wayne expected trouble. She saw it brewing. There were scholars in the school who felt jealous of John Emerson and her championship of him. From them, or through their agency, she looked for the trouble to come. And it came, as she expected.

"She's the best woman I ever knew," said John one day to one of the boys. "She haint like the other teachers we've had, allus ready to hit a feller a slap, whether he deserved it or not."

"I s'pose you think she's a takin' pains to make us think she's stickin' up for you, 'cause she really cares something about you," sneered the other. "You must be green. She's bound to show folks

she can do what the other teachers couldn't, so she's pullin' the wool over your eyes, makin' b'leve she's awfully interested in you, an' all that sort o' thing, an' you swaller it all an' act like a reg'lar little lamb. You're a greeny, to be took in that way."

John went back to his lessons with the boy's words rankling in his heart. Were they true? Was the teacher pretending to be interested in his welfare for the sake of carrying out a plan of her own? He couldn't believe she was deceiving him, and yet—she might be!

"I'd rather be thrashed than made a fool of," he said to himself, bitterly. "If I thought she was foolin' me I'd raise Cain—I know I could if I tried, for I haint forgot how."

The seed of mischief had taken root. It grew rapidly. The boys saw what John was thinking of and were not backward in helping the matter along. Like all boys, they were eager for excitement, and were not particular about the kind or how it was brought about. They told themselves that they "wanted some fun," and did not stop to think about the difference between pure, innocent, healthy fun, and mischief which involves wrongdoing.

The trouble that had been brewing culminated one day in John's "letting himself loose." In other words, he gave himself up to his old rebellious conduct, and caused such disturbance in the school that Miss Wayne told him he must remain after the others were dismissed—she wanted to talk with him. The scholars looked at each other when she said that with knowing winks and significant smiles.

"He'll catch it," whispered one.

"She can't lick him," was the reply.

"But she'll have him turned out o' school," said the other; "you see if she don't. She's clear grit, an' if she can't make him come to time one way she will another."

When school was dismissed John was ready to go with the others. He wasn't going to stay to be talked to!

But he found that he had met his match. Miss Wayne came and sat down by him before he could leave his seat, and began to question him about an example he had got interested in. He cast longing looks toward the door as the other children filed slowly out, looking back with nods and smiles and tantalizing gestures at the boy who had been asked "to stay after school." But something in the teacher's manner was powerful enough to hold him from breaking away from her.

At last the tramp of feet and the noisy chatter died away and the little schoolhouse was strangely still. For some minutes Miss Wayne said nothing—she was thinking what to say. John had never felt so uncomfortable in his life. He wished he could get away, but he dared not attempt it.

At last—

"O John! I am so sorry," she said. Then her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and she dropped her head on her hands and cried.

John Emerson sat there with strange emotions at work in his heart. Her few, simple words told him how his conduct had hurt her; her sorrow was as much on his account as on her own. He had never thought it possible that any one could care about him like this before. Her tears ap-

pealed to something in his nature that nothing had ever touched before. The manhood of the boy responded to the appeal that was all the more eloquent because of its simple pathos.

"I—I wish you'd thrash me," cried John; "you ought to—I deserve it. I never used anybody so mean afore, for nobody ever was so kind to me. I—I'm awful sorry, I—" And then he broke down and cried "like a baby," he told his mother afterward.

"Do you mean that, John?" asked Miss Wayne, lifting her head and showing a face wet with tears; "I hope you do, for if you are sorry, I think you will try to do better. I am sorry, because I had hoped to help you. I can, I know, if you will do your share of the work. You must see, John, that I am working for your good, and not to further any selfish, ambitious plans of my own. It would cause me great pain to have to ask the trustees to keep you out of school. I shall not do it unless you force me to. I know what you have to fight against; I have seen it all along. Do not listen to what is said. Think that we understand each other when they would try to make trouble between us, and that is enough. Let us begin over; shall we?"

"If—if you think there's any use in it," said John.

"Then we'll shake hands on the agreement," said Miss Wayne, and her face was radiant.

John put his hand in hers and looked up at her wonderingly. She was a revelation to him, a puzzle—because she was his friend; that made her unlike anybody else.

"Did you thrash him?" asked 'Squire Holcomb when she came home.

"No," she answered; "I don't believe in 'thrashing' and never practice it."

"I s'pose you want we should keep him out o' school, then, after this?"

"No, sir," was her reply; "John Emerson shall never be kept out of school by my wishes."

"How're you goin' to git' long with him, then?" asked the puzzled 'Squire. "Ef you didn't thrash him he knows he's boss, an' you won't be able to do anything with him after this."

"I do not think I shall have any further trouble with him," answered Miss Wayne. "There would have been no trouble now if others had not provoked it. John Emerson has more manliness than he is given credit for, and I shall govern him by appealing to his sense of honor and friendship. Treat a boy as if he were an animal, and quite likely he will act like one; treat him as you would be treated were you in his place, and he will astonish you by the ease with which you can govern him. Friendly words are more powerful than rods of iron, 'Squire Holcomb, if managed properly."

"Danno but yer right," said the 'Squire; "but I wouldn't ha' b'lieved you could make much out o' John Emerson."

After that he was the best scholar in school. The power of kindness had effected what nothing else could.

The neighbors said it was a good thing for John when his father died from the effect of a fall while under the influence of liquor. It may have been—I do not pretend to say, but it opened a way for him into a different kind of life, and, by the assistance of Miss Wayne, he broke away



from the old associations and went into the world to "make a man of himself." He succeeded. He is a "man among men" to-day, and he will

tell you that he owes it all to the woman who was a friend to him in his time of need.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## The Home Circle.

### MRS. PROUT'S WHITE NECKTIE.

"YOU goin' away?" Mrs. Prout asked her visitor, with tears in her eyes, as she followed her to the door.

"Yes, the summer is almost over, you see. But I hope to come back here next season."

"It's a long winter between, though," said Mrs. Prout, shaking her head dolefully. "It's been no end o' comfort havin' you come in when things is so discouragin'."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Bright, in a tone so full of combined sympathy and good cheer that it could not fail in carrying its weight of comfort, "that if you only trust in the good Lord and try to look on the bright side and do your best, you will not find things so discouraging. We all have our burdens to carry, you know, and perhaps when you come some day to know those which press upon others, you will find that yours have not been the heaviest. No, don't come out; it is too damp for you."

"I want to see you as far as I can," insisted Mrs. Prout.

"But you are not quite strong yet, and will be sure to take cold. Here, then," she continued, with a smile, as Mrs. Prout kept on toward the gate, "let me tie this about your neck."

Mrs. Bright took from her own neck a soft white lawn tie and tied it under Mrs. Prout's, saying:

"It is very becoming to you. I like a bit of white near the face, don't you? You must wear it to remember me by."

"I don't need nothin' to make me do that."

A few more words of kindly leave-taking, and then Mrs. Prout strained her tear-dimmed eyes to catch further glimpses of her friend through the trees, returning at length to the house with a still deeper conviction that things were "discouragin'."

Mrs. Bright had been a summer boarder in a pleasant mountain neighborhood, and it being her way to go about with eyes open to the sorrows of others and hands ready to aid in time of need, she had come upon the Prouts in their season of sore pressure. A child was dying of typhoid fever, while the mother lay stricken with the same disease. It would not do to assert that in a Christian community a family in such straits was left to suffer, but the fact was evident that assistance was given with little heartiness and that the neighbors were not slow in declaring that the sickness and wretchedness of the Prouts arose mainly from their being, as one old lady emphatically said to Mrs. Bright, "too shif'less to breathe the breath o' life."

The truth of the statement was patent in every feature of the ill-kept, slovenly home. There were a few acres of land which, better tilled,

might have afforded a very comfortable living, and John Prout was a good worker if only he could be stirred up to work. But the Prouts had been given up long since as hopeless, and when the dead was buried and the sick winning her way back to life, they were again left to themselves, except by the kindly visitor who had not yet been worn out by their good-for-nothingness.

Mrs. Prout sat down in the disorderly living-room, thinking over many things she had heard from Mrs. Bright. She was the first person who had for a long time talked to them as if they might be supposed to possess tastes and aspirations not unlike her own. She had remarked the fine view from their house. Mrs. Prout crossed the room, rubbed a place on the window-pane clean enough to look through, and began to wonder why she had never noticed the beauty of the towering mountain on the other side of the valley, dark with pines on its summit, but lower down magnificent in its varying shades of green, just now mellowing into autumn tinges where the frost had laid a finger. And Mrs. Bright had spoken of a flower-garden she had seen somewhere—lovely, but not so lovely as their sunny front yard, sloping exactly the right way, would become if pains were taken with it. Mrs. Prout meant to have Jim clean up the rubbish in it this fall, all ready to try what could be done there in the spring before Mrs. Bright came again.

Going back to her seat, she caught sight of her face in the glass which hung between the two windows. She stopped, observing with some surprise the softened expression given by the white muslin, anything in the way of collar or other finish to her dress being unusual to her. She looked closer, brought a wet cloth, and gave the glass a thorough polishing, looked again, and then went and washed her face.

She moved slowly about, setting a few things more tidily in the room. As she still passed and repassed the glass she continued to glance critically into it.

"How it does make the dirt on my dress show!" she at length exclaimed. "I most wish Mrs. Bright hadn't asked me to keep it on. I didn't notice my dress before."

Once noticed, however, it seemed more and more to clamor for attention, until she looked for a cleaner dress.

"Might as well comb my hair, too, while I'm about it, I s'pose." This being done and the dress on, she found a hole in its skirt which would not have troubled her yesterday, but which she now sat down to mend.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed her daughter, coming into the room and stepping short at sight of her.

"Got your wash all out, Samantha?" asked her mother, without seeming to notice her surprise.



"Yes. What in the land's the matter, you're fixed up so? Who give you this?" she looked admiringly at the necktie.

"Mrs. Bright tied it on me and says I was to wear it, so I s'pose I might as well. She's gone for good."

"I shouldn't call it for good," said Samantha, in a fretful tone. "Wish there was more like her. She don't come round lookin' as if she was too good to set foot nigh you if 't wasn't a duty, but she acts like you was folks like herself. My—how you've shined up that glass! I don't know but I'd a done it myself if I looked as fine as what you do," she said, with a laugh.

"Samanthy, I'll give it to you," said her mother, warmly taking in the neglected appearance of the young girl with a half-awakened, wistful consciousness that something might be lacking in her care of this, her only daughter.

"No you won't," said Samantha, kissing her cheek; "you look real pretty and nice in it, and you're a goin' to wear it every day just as she said, and a clean dress, too. I'll wash 'em both when they're dirty. I've got a collar myself upstairs I mean to put on when the work's done." She went to the brightened mirror and took a discontented survey of herself.

"Do it now, Samanthy," her mother said, coaxingly. "You don't know how nice it feels to feel nice. You look real pretty when you fix up, Samanthy," she added, noticing the discontented expression. "Your hair is so shiny when you brush it, and your checks so rosy—when they're clean."

"You didn't get all the dust off the frame," said Samantha, taking off her apron and dusting with it. "Guess you thought it enough when you could see yourself good, didn't you?"

Her mother returned her laugh, but gave a little scream as the string which held up the glass broke. Samantha caught and saved it from breaking, but a collection of trash which had been gathering behind it for years fell to the floor, raising a fearful cloud of dust. Old almanacs and papers, nails, empty bottles, bits of string, a gimlet, a spool or two of thread, a box of matches, and other things placed there to be "handy," and long forgotten, lay in a musty heap. Samantha picked them up, carried away the worthless things to burn, and put away the others, gave the glass and its neighbor, the mantelpiece, a thorough dusting, then looked at them with great satisfaction.

"How nice they do look! I've a great mind to bring a little of my suds and do off these windows. I'll just have time before dinner."

"Bring me your other dress and I'll mend it while you do," said her mother.

"Cracky!" said Jim, as with his father and brother, the three alike ungainly and slovenly, he came in to dinner, "what's all to pay? company a comin'?"

"Nobody but you," said his mother, with a smile. Indeed, she was astonished to find how much easier it was to smile when she was conscious of looking well. There was a shade's difference, too, in the manners of the big boys as they spoke to her and Samantha. Could it really be that they treated them with more respect than before? It might be that they themselves wore a little added dignity along with the white about the neck. Certain it was that Mrs. Prout found the difference pleasant, and that, as she more than once

looked again at herself in the course of that afternoon, a feeling took shape and grew in her heart that life might be for them something better and sweeter and less "discouragin'" than she had hitherto found it or, perhaps, made it.

"Give me a towel, 'Manthy," called Jim, at tea-time; "it don't cost nothin' to wash a fellow's face, I guess." He had hunted up an old tin basin, and he and his brother gave themselves a lively rub before they came in. He had brought a few autumn wildflowers from the field, and the tears came into his mother's eyes as he clumsily arranged them in a handleless pitcher, saying:

"It's no end o' nice to have mother a gettin' round again and a lookin' just like a lady."

The Prouts were, in the main, a good-natured family, well disposed toward each other and the world in general. If the world had accepted them in a friendly manner just as they were, they would have lived on very good terms with it; but as it would not and their country neighbors met them only with half-concealed scorn for habits which were the natural result of the poor woman's having had very little "bringing up," a sourness, not, perhaps, to be wondered at, had grown with her perception of it. She had drifted on in an aimless way, needing something in the way of suggestion given in the true spirit of loving kindness, and the charity which can see good even in unfavorable surroundings, to stir her to better things.

"Them old curtains looks awful dusty, now you see 'em so plain," said Samantha the next morning; "they ought to be washed. I've a great mind to pull 'em down."

She suited the action to the word, and down came the dusty chintz.

"My oh! look at the cobwebs!"

The unusual lightness penetrated to every corner of the smoke darkened ceilings, spying out homes in which spiders had for years dwelt without fear or danger of molestation. Samantha sat down and folded her arms.

"I'll tell you what, ma," she said, in a decided tone, "I'm agoin' to give things a reg'lar clean up and not do things by halves. Just as soon as you get one thing clean you see how dirty the next thing looks. I know that's what Mrs. Bright wanted me to do, though she never said it right out and out. She wa'n't the kind to come a holdin' up her dress and lookin' like you wa'n't good enough to put your foot amongst. But she said a lot—just like she kind o' happened to say it—about it bein' folkses real duty to have things nice about 'em and to keep themselves lookin' nice and pretty; said 'twas our duty to the Lord; said she b'lieved He took notice of such little things as that; said it made folks better to be clean and sweet in their ways. Do you b'lieve all that, ma?"

Mrs. Prout looked at her thoughtfully.

"If it's helped Mrs. Bright to be like what she is, I should say I did, Samanthy."

"That's what I say," said Samantha, lifting one foot to set it vigorously down again. "And when she was a helpin' me when you was sick, she wouldn't let me carry you a bit to eat till I'd hunted up a white napkin to put on the tray and a flower or two beside the plate."

"Yes, Samanthy," said her mother, with a smile, "and I remember times I couldn't a touched a morsel but for the way it looked."

"I wish some one had talked to me about such things long ago," said Samantha, as she bustled away for pails and brushes.

"Nobody ever talked so to me," said poor Mrs. Prout, ruefully shaking her head, as she almost reverently smoothed down the white muslin with a dimly formed wish in her heart that the gentle hands that tied it could have left with it a touch of the dainty grace and refinement which she had found so attractive in her new friend.

"What has come over the Prouts?" asked Mrs. Bright of one of their neighbors when she came among them the following spring. "Their garden is a little beauty-spot, and I found one of those boys training a bitter-sweet vine over the front door."

"Nobody knows," was the answer. "Folks think the trouble they had last summer must a had something to do with it, for they took to cleaning up after it, and when they once began it went on from one thing to another. Samantha and her mother got to looking quite genteel and like other folks, and it wasn't so long before you could see it in the boys. And you may believe the neighbors did stare when old John Prout spruced up, too, and seemed to get a little ambition. Ambition was all they needed, you know; and they're getting so they goes to church and feels as respectable as anybody."

Mrs. Bright went on her way, holding always in readiness a kindly smile or word or suggestion for occasions in which they might be wisely used. She rejoiced with the Prouts in their altered conditions, listening in warm sympathy to accounts of all they had done and all they still hoped to do, but never dreamed how much her white tie had had to do with their regeneration.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

### OUR LITTLE GIRLS' MISSION BAND.

A LITTLE mission band of our church finished up the year's work with a fair, which was well patronized, and the proceeds quite exceeded their expectations. The little meeting every Saturday afternoon had been as good as a party to some twenty or more of them, and the steady dropping of the pence into the mite boxes enabled them to keep two little India girls in the mission school, instead of one as first proposed.

There was a handsome surplus in the treasury after the fair, and Miss Ada proposed that they should spend it in Christmas gifts for the poor at home.

"Let us try and find out in a delicate way," she said, "who in our town are needy and suffering, and help them as far as our money goes. I know now of a poor woman in great distress for four dollars to pay her rent, and another who has almost to count her lumps of coal."

"Let us help them first of all," said the eager children.

Miss Ada and they were "the Society," so it was quickly settled that a load of coal should be sent to one and the rent money to the other.

"Here are four dressed dolls left over from the fair. How would you like to give them to some poor little girls who may not have much Christmas?"

That exactly suited the children's views, and if there had been ten dolls I think they could have found happy homes for them all.

A number of little socks were given to some dear little babies whose toes would be the warmer for them all winter. Two snug, bright knitted hoods were given to two little sisters, who wear them every Sabbath to Sunday-school in place of some outgrown, weather-beaten hats.

The day before Christmas a bevy of little girls set out in pairs, each with the name of some poor family and the money for purchasing a substantial basket of good things to help brighten the day. There was much discussion and ciphering to make the money go the farthest, and the obliging grocers helped them choose. The list I saw was very judiciously made out, and greatly gladdened the heart of a poor widow and little girl. On the whole, I think they could hardly have done better with their surplus funds, and the children themselves took a lesson in practical benevolence that will not soon be forgotten. We cannot begin too early nor take too great pains to instill such lessons deeply in the hearts of the children.

J. E.

### HUNTING FOR PRICKLES.

MR. SILLIMAN lived in a fine garden. Several brothers and sisters shared its beauties with him. Their father, ever thoughtful and kind, had planted the choicest flowers, the most useful and prolific vegetables in this inclosure, well knowing the delight his children would take in it in days to come. Besides the lovely blossoms, which diffused a delicate perfume throughout this garden, besides the luscious vegetables, which afforded many a wholesome meal, there were noble fruit-trees almost without number, and these, too, were of the best sort, and bore unstintingly every one according to its species; and yet, again, besides these there were trees bearing all kinds of nuts, also of the finest varieties—they did not wait even to be shaken in order to present their pleasant fruit to the owners of the garden, but generously cast their nuts upon the ground at the very feet of the passer by. Birds of exquisite plumage sang among the branches of these trees, making a glorious orchestra in their leafy homes. In the limpid streams which flowed through this garden countless numbers of fish awaited the angler's baited hook, and, swimming upon the placid bosom of the lakes, which were almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage, were beautiful fowl of every kind. Can you imagine a more charming retreat? And yet, if you will credit the fact, the most wonderful thing of all was the promise the good father had made in his will, that if his children would but conduct themselves properly in this garden they should inherit another still more beautiful. The animals in this garden were, many of them, very fierce, resisting every attempt to tame them; but the animals in that nobler garden would be tame and friendly—so friendly, in fact, that children would not fear them in the least. Now the strangest thing took place every morning in this magnificent garden. Mr. Silliman went out into it just as soon as he was dressed, and did not wait for his breakfast even—in order to hunt for what?—fine fruit, lovely flowers, choice vegetables? No, although

they were so plentiful, he was seeking prickles! Do not laugh, for this is true; he often spent every spare moment of the whole day in hunting for thorns, briars, or prickles—yea, sometimes he would rise in the night and go forth upon his lugubrious errand. Among his friends (and they were few in number) and acquaintances, he talked of nothing except the number of prickles in his garden. Little enough had he to say of the beautiful blossoms, luscious fruits, comely vegetables, or pleasant nuts; all his energies were unsparingly devoted to the thorns and briars.

Strange, was it not? Do you suppose his brothers and sisters did likewise? Very different were they. With few exceptions, most of them sought the beauties of the place, enjoyed to the full its sweet delights; and great was their reward, for they were happy, healthy, and filled with love one for the other, and, better still, they knew that before long they would be called upon to enter upon the inheritance of the other garden, since they were comporting themselves properly in their present state. But alas for the prickly hunter! he was sickly, unhappy, and uncertain regarding the probability of receiving his inheritance, since he was so ill at ease in his present condition. Poor man! was he not indeed an object of commiseration?

See you, my friend, the meaning of this tale? Are you spending your time even as he? Has not our Heavenly Father placed you in the pleasant garden of this world in order that you may so comport yourself as to deserve removal to a more glorious, even a heavenly, inheritance? And are you, are we, deriving all the pleasure, all the profit, from our sojourn in this garden of delightful flowers and fruits that we possibly can? Let us see to it that we displease not our Heavenly Father by hunting prickles, that is, seeking for and magnifying sorrows and troubles—let us rather seek and hoard every ray of sunshine, every blessing so kindly, so lovingly sent us by our Lord. So shall our garden bloom into wondrous beauty, our souls expand, and we prove helps, instead of hindrances, to our brothers and sisters whom He hath placed in this same pleasant inclosure.

MRS. ORLANDO MERRILL.

### LETTER FROM MAMIE.

DEAR AUNTIE:—I am one of the many girl readers of our HOME MAGAZINE, and wish to tell all the writers for the "Home Circle" how much I enjoy their inspiring letters. Circumstances prevented my reading our beloved MAGAZINE for some time, so that when I did have the opportunity a few weeks ago, I sat down with a sense of supreme happiness, with seven of them unread in my lap at once, ready to be devoured.

Do you wonder that I felt like an epicure who sits down to a sumptuous feast and hardly knows from where to choose?

Of course, your "Talks with the Girls" came in for an early reading, and I have wished so much to thank you for that helpful letter in the August number that pen and paper was my first thought. Surely some good fairy urged you to write it especially for my benefit, for it suits my case exactly, and has strengthened and encouraged me to go on with the "little things of life" wil-

lingly and cheerfully. Like the girl you told us of, I can say, "I haven't the least thing to complain of. I have good times and everybody is kind to me, and I can do just as all the girls do; but—but, after all, I am dreadfully afraid I don't amount to much." That's just it; I wonder if all girls are alike, and have a restless, constant longing to be of real use in the world, that cannot be satisfied with pretty dresses, home comforts, and society pleasures. I have a happy little home, indulgent parents, many kind friends, a delightful Sabbath-school class of fifteen little girls, whom I love dearly, and also fill the onerous position of organist. Please do not understand me that I suffer from ennui, for household duties of which I have my share, sewing, music, reading, and society keep my time fully occupied, and yet, dear Auntie, what does it all amount to?

I often think on a quiet Saturday evening or at the close of a busy day of small duties, what particular duty or accomplishment can I point to as fit for the Master to see?

Your suggestion that the "adding up" may make a goodly total in the end is helpful and encouraging; I strive very hard to keep my restlessness and dissatisfaction concealed, for it would only pain my parents, who do so much for me.

Since reading *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, I have thought often of nurse Sampson's words: "I know the Lord must be layin' out a tough piece of work for me somewhere. I feel it comin', and I'm just a restin' and a waitin'."

Perhaps the Lord gives us girls this care-free holiday time in His busy world to prepare and strengthen us mentally and morally, as well as physically, for the responsibilities and probably troubles that may come upon us in after life. And as for the little, monotonous duties, *somebody* must do these, and why not we as well as others?

"A servant with this clause

Makes drudgery divine;

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws

Makes that and the action fine."

And so, if we put the very best that is in us into every day and every day duties, may we not hope that the Father will say, "He that is faithful in little will be faithful also in much," and trust us with our inheritance?

I thank you so much, Auntie, for your kind words to the girls; I always feel lifted on a higher plane when I have finished reading our HOME MAGAZINE. May it live long to help the girls of the next generation as it has those of this, is the wish of your young friend,  
MAMIE.

### THE COUNTRY CHILD.

(See Frontispiece.)

CHILD of the country! free as air  
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;  
Born like a lily, where the dew  
Lies odorous when the day is new;  
Fed 'mid the wildflowers like the bee,  
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,  
Lulled in the breast to that sweet tune  
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June,  
I sing of thee; 'tis sweet to sing  
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

## OUR LITERARY CLUB.

"WE have tried it more than once, and never could succeed in making a permanent affair of it, until at last I have become discouraged, and come to the conclusion that the people of Centreville cannot appreciate a literary society at all;" and Nellie Hunt tapped her foot on the carpet in a manner indicative of great dissatisfaction as she leaned back in her little rocker.

"On what plan did you establish them?" asked our friend, Miss Harper, who had not been among us long.

"Well, the first effort was made on quite a large scale. The town stood in such need of a place for some recreation which would be beneficial and educating, to the minds of the younger portion of our community especially, that we organized a public society to hold meetings once a week in the Seminary for readings and recitations. The larger school children were to participate in the exercises as a means of training, and wishing, in the warmth of our philanthropic hearts, to accomplish all the good that was possible, every one was invited to come who would enjoy such entertainment or assist in carrying it on. There were no officers besides a general superintendent, and no rules or by-laws except that every member who was able should read or recite when called upon in his turn. At first the attendance was large and much interest was manifested, causing the founders of the movement to be quite elated with their success. But in a very short time it became difficult to procure readers. After the few energetic, self-possessed ones who promised their aid in the beginning had done their part by reading repeatedly, there was hardly any grown person to be found who had courage to face the large audience with his or her voice, and it was impossible to induce any one besides the children to recite. The children's element soon became too prominent. They laughed and talked in a disturbing manner during the exercises, and were very loth to obey the admonitions of the superintendent and others who tried to keep them quiet. Of course, under such a state of things the older portion of the assembly, and all, indeed, who really cared for intellectual entertainment and benefit, gradually withdrew. The younger grown ones made it almost entirely a place for social chat, many of them caring nothing for the reading or recitations, which soon dwindled into insignificance, and in a few months the enterprise was given up as a failure.

"The next year a 'Murphy' temperance society was organized, which was quite flourishing for awhile. Its founders and officers, anxious to make it an attractive place of evening resort for people outside as well as its members, combined the literary element with the temperance work, getting up interesting programmes for each meeting, of music, reading, and occasionally a lecture or address on some scientific subject, which a few among the older and most learned of our citizens consented to give.

"This was more satisfactory and entertaining than anything ever carried on here in the way of a society. Nearly all the better class of grown persons in the community liked to attend, and hopes were indulged in that it would be a permanent source of benefit and pleasure. The children

were not invited this time, and very few of them came. But before long the same difficulty arose as in the former case—that of finding persons willing to read, the few who gave their services at first growing tired of having it all imposed on them, and others being unable to summon courage to come forward in public.

"Then tableaux were resorted to. Leading scenes were taken from Dickens' and Scott's novels, the characters represented in appropriate dress and manner, and the descriptive passage read from the book just as the scene was enacted. These were entered into with great alacrity and were very interesting for awhile, but it was considerable work and trouble to get them up properly, so the managers soon grew tired of it. When cold, bad weather came on the meetings were adjourned for the winter and never resumed.

"Two or three more attempts have since been made in a small way by some of the young folks, but they did not amount to anything of consequence or continue long, and I feel as if it was useless to try again."

"Now that you have told your experience," said Miss Harper, smiling, "I think I will give you mine on the same subject. We once had a flourishing literary society in the place where I have lived for the last few years. We did not have your trouble with regard to getting readers, having a number of well-trained voices whose owners were very willing to give assistance in this way, and for more than a year we enjoyed the benefit of these meetings greatly. The second winter some of the young ladies and gentlemen who were fine singers and musicians proposed introducing music as a part of the entertainment, and the evenings were then more delightful than before, with some beautiful production of a fine composer, or one or two sweet songs for the opening exercise. But it was not long until the music began to encroach seriously upon the time for reading, and as more young people came into the society and formed a controlling element, the latter was often almost entirely crowded out. The proper aim of the meetings being thus destroyed, those to whom it was the most desirable and important feature finally left the field entirely to the musical party and formed a small select club to meet at their homes. None but those who really appreciated good reading and wished it to be the main object were received into this little coterie. The best books were chosen from which to select interesting extracts, and each one brought some favorite poems to read and comment on. Our membership never exceeded twelve or fifteen, and the club has been kept up now for two years, yielding true enjoyment and benefit."

"Why can we not have just such an one here?" said James Hunt, who, as Nellie's brother and my husband, frequently made the fourth one in our "quartette evenings," as we called them, since we had induced Miss Harper to come in often and sociably to spend a few hours after tea with us in reading or chat. "That has always been my idea," he continued, "of a literary society for real profit and success, instead of the large public ones which others would insist were the thing that was wanted. I should be glad to see one established on this plan, and to have the meetings held at this house whenever the members wish it,



and there are books in my library which will supply any kind of reading that is desirable."

"I should be delighted with such an arrangement," said Miss Harper, "if I might be one of the favored circle."

"Most certainly," replied Mr. Hunt, "and we would count on you and my little wife here for two of our principal readers."

Up to this time I had been a silent but interested listener in the little group gathered around the table in our cozy sitting-room, but I now gave expression to my thoughts by saying, "I heartily approve of the plan and would suggest that we begin immediately, by holding a meeting here on Thursday night. Miss Harper, with her sister and brother-in-law, the Winstons, and our three selves will make a very good little party to begin with."

"That is the very thing," exclaimed enthusiastic Nellie, "and I know several other persons who will be glad to join us."

"Be very careful who your several others are," said her brother. "It is not numbers which is the desirable thing in such a society, but appreciative minds. Let it be a rule to invite no one on the impulse of the moment, but first reflect as to whether they will be really an acquisition or not, and consult the rest of the club before inviting."

"Yes, that will be the best way, I suppose," replied Nellie. "We will be called exclusive by some, of course, but it will be better to bear that than to spoil the society by having undesirable members."

"Let it be understood at first," said I, "that there is to be no entertainment besides reading, and each one is to read when called on. It is not at all likely, then, that we will have too many applicants for admission."

On the following Thursday evening, the few friends who had been invited assembled at our house, as agreed upon, and the first meeting of the new club was held under most favorable auspices. The little company expressed their pleasure in the new movement, and thought it would be the best method of conducting a society to be perma-

nent and satisfactory, and the result has since proved it so.

My husband, being a man of fine literary taste and extravagantly fond of reading and collecting choice works, has a countless variety of books which are suitable to select such matter from as we wish. The old English writers were the first ones chosen, and many choice bits of treasure-trove were found among them which very few of us had read and which were highly appreciated. Our mode of proceeding was, after a few minutes of social chat on assembling, to read usually two articles, if not very long ones, and then spend the rest of the evening in commenting on them and any other writings which they might suggest. This we found to be more pleasant and profitable than devoting the whole time to reading, for the interchange of thought on such topics cultivates our ideas, and the friction of mind against mind is brightening and improving to the faculties.

The club has now been in existence more than a year, and just as deep an interest is felt in it as at first. Four or five additional members were received during the first month.

Two or three of them leaving after awhile, their places were filled by others, so that the average number assembled is about a dozen and we meet at each others' homes alternately.

We have now come down to the writers of our own century and those closely adjacent—De Quincey, Burke, Chambers and Channing, Washington Irving, Emerson, and Holmes, whose *Autocrat* and *Professor of the Breakfast Table* are favorite books with us. Sometimes a fine poem is read and enjoyed. Often some interesting article on an important scientific or moral subject, found in some late magazine, is brought by any member who chooses and contributed to the general entertainment.

Thus we have triumphed at last by finding out the right way, and now have a constant source of true enjoyment and benefit in our little society, which is a real means of good to all its members.

MIRIAM.

## Religious Reading.

### "ENTER YE IN AT THE STRAIT GATE."

**A**N ascetic view of life has sometimes been based upon this passage, and the idea that the religious life must necessarily be a sad and cheerless one. This, however, is an altogether erroneous view, containing only sufficient external grounds in the letter of the passage to make the view harmonize with those ideas, formerly more prevalent than now, respecting the alienation of God from His people, and the necessity, therefore, for an Intercessor and Mediator between Him and His creatures.

But the words are plain, "Enter ye in at the strait gate;" and it is to be noted that they follow immediately after a recital of the Golden Rule. What, then, is their meaning, and what the manner in which it is incumbent upon us to obey them?

They unquestionably refer to self-denial on our

part consequent upon repentance; to that compulsion which none should exercise over us, but which we should exercise over ourselves. Truth is imperative in its commands, and ought always implicitly to be obeyed. It is, however, opposed to all our natural inclinations; and when, listening to its voice, we strive to do to others as we would be done by, we find ourselves entering in at what we feel to be a very strait gate, and walking along what seems to be an extremely contracted way.

But if we consider the matter, we shall find that everything worth possessing in this world is girt about with similar conditions. Thus, in acquiring any practical art or applied science, there is the same feeling of difficulty experienced. With this difference, however, that we may have a natural liking for the art or science we have undertaken to acquire. Whereas, with the religious life the case is totally different; we are not



naturally inclined to adopt it; in fact, we are, on the contrary, naturally inclined to reject it; and yet we are called upon, rooting out all opposite tendencies, to apply ourselves with all our might to know and to do and to love it.

This gate, then, as a matter of course, is thought to be strait; it appears to be mean and a picture of discomfort compared with that other of lordly breadth and open and pleasant proportions which stands so very near it. They are always temptingly placed together. Why should they be so close? Why cannot we have only the one before us, and thus have our course, our hard course, made easier? That, however, cannot be. We have both, and shall continue to have both, before us, because we have both within us. And we have both, because it is our high privilege as men and women to exercise our power of choice between them; and this not merely to-day, but every day; not merely at the start in life, but also along the journey, up till that day which ends time for us and begins eternity.

We do not, of course, make a start in life every day, but merely move onward from the point to which our past efforts have brought us. On our first start, therefore, much, very much, depends. "Everything is contained in its beginnings;" and if we start aright, if we repent of and resist our evils, and essay to walk even with the feeble and uncertain steps of one newly born into the heavenly life, then the habit of ceasing to do evil and learning to do well is forming within us, and will continue to form and gather strength.

The common road, however, along which we all at first travel, until manhood and womanhood brings us to a decisive parting of the ways, does not also bring the only choice we are called upon to make. While it is of the first importance that we should enter in by the strait gate at that time, we shall find that, as we travel even along the road of life, we come to numberless cross-roads, which still present to us the alluring aspect fur-

nished by a wide gate leading into a broad and apparently pleasant way.

It is thus the Lord in every state places before us life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore let us choose life, that we and our seed may live.

The apprentice is an example of one entering in by a strait gate and a narrow way, into the use which he means to pursue in life. He has to do everything by rule at first, with laborious effort and little or no delight. But by and by the ability to do each step in connection with his work comes to him in the practice of it, until finally, without reference to rule and the exact and formal adjustment of all things, he finds the rule has become part of himself; he can give it effect without bringing it up in his memory, and in a labored manner going through its various steps. It is in him no longer as a mere piece of knowledge, or as a matter he fully understands, but it is with him as something which when required he can at once freely do and do with delight. This is the end of all training in art, as it is of all acquisition of religious truth. But even in connection with a very simple trade, the apprenticeship required is long. How much longer then must that apprenticeship be by which we are meant to acquire the knowledge and life of Heaven?

How long is the apprenticeship that a person must undergo in order to become an angel? Indeed, is it proper to call it by that name at all? The name is in our opinion not unsuitable; and we can state the period of the service required of us very accurately. It is not for five years, nor for seven years, neither is it until we attain our twenty-first year, as is prescribed in many trades; but the length of the apprenticeship of a man who has devoted himself as a servant, that he may finally become one of the sons of God, is exactly the length of the life, be that life long or short, which the Lord gives him to live in this natural world.

B. H.

## Young Ladies' Department.

### "DO."

MY DEAR GIRLS:—It has often been remarked that our instructions as to what we should do are generally given under the form of prohibitions—are generally written, "don't" do this or that or the other undesirable thing. I have seen lately in two or three papers some rules laid down for the guidance of young girls under the heading of "Do."

Mayhap you may, many of you, have seen and read them; still, I say to myself, it is only by constant repetition usually that we learn, and I venture to call your notice to them again. For, whether I am so situated that I can or not, the impulse and desire to share whatever of good or of pleasure I meet is unfailing. I often think when reading or remembering something full of suggestiveness or truth or beauty, that I wish my girls could enjoy it with me; for they are such dear, hearty, earnest girls, through whose happiest gayety shines ever the earnest love of truth and

goodness and the earnest desire to live good and noble lives.

However, I must turn to my "clipping." First—and I would like to emphasize it with all the influence (if any) which I possess—"Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation."

We have all of us, doubtless, heard jokes and insinuations which tend to affirm that the feminine mind is incapable of stating the simple and exact truth. I, being a woman, naturally demur against any such sweeping assertions, yet at the same time I acknowledge a great need of attention to the second "do"—from both sexes:

"Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes."

The next I hope you may none of you need; for I hope you are all honest, and to incur such liabilities would surely be dishonest:

"Do be exact in money matters; every debt

you incur means a loss to some one, probably to some less able to bear it than you."

This one regarding correspondence will raise a smile of recollection in many who have opened letters only to be disappointed, hoping some question may have been answered, some desired information given, or at least for evidence that our own letter has been received and regarded with sufficient interest for its contents to have been read and "noted."

"Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, ill considered letter is a satire upon your education."

"Do when you talk, keep your hands still." (?)

"Do observe; the faculty of observation well cultivated makes practical men and women."

The following, I fear, is very, very often very, very much neglected:

"Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body."

"Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card-case; keep the former mended and the latter filled."

"Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other."

"Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool."

"Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of others."

To this I would add, Do make it a habit to be ready for every duty or appointment, from being ready for breakfast to being ready for the highest duty which you may be called upon to perform.

"Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable."

"Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs."

"Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife."

"Do be contented; 'martyrs' are detestable; a happy, cheerful spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere. Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them. If you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do not talk at all; silence is golden."

"Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one say one, and not a dozen."

"Do, sometimes at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born."

"Do sign your full name to your letters!"

To these I would add, Do always be very kind and courteous to old people. After becoming of a thoroughly courteous habit to these, it will, I trust, be difficult to be other than kind and polite to all, younger, elder, of the same age, as well as to those stronger or weaker than yourselves.

Do, if you don't know a thing say "no," have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything," says Sidney Smith. There are

those who read just enough of a book or a subject to be able to seem to know something of it; who read enough about authors, a literature, or a science to assume a familiarity with it. It is like assuming to be able to tell a person's character and life by knowing his name and address. There are those who will never admit they do not know anything, in regard to other individuals or any other knowledge, and they thereby become abominable falsifiers; and do, frequently, injury to the reputations of others which may never be repaired—in this world. Do avoid every approach to this evil. It is working on a false principle and living on a false capital.

Do, when you undertake to do anything, try to do it thoroughly, understandingly, and faithfully, "with all your might." Do be unsatisfied with insufficient, shiftless, "make-do," careless work of any kind—reading, thinking, speaking, sewing, cleaning—or anything which you undertake.

Do think of others instead of ever studying self. Emerson says, "every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to take care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well."

Do watch well that you are not unkind, unjust, or untrue to any one; that you deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God. Try, with God's help, to make your lives such that some one, at least, may have cause to say, "It has been better for me that she has lived." AUNTIE.

## TWO OR THREE MORE WORDS.

WELL! well! Here is somebody "hoping and trusting" that I do not wish all the rich girls in the world to "live and die old maids just for the sake of helping the poor ones along." Of course not, my dear girl, but cannot you be doing something while you are waiting for the right sort of companion to make his appearance on the scene? I take it for granted that you do not intend plunging headlong into that state of supreme blessedness—when entered into aright—without giving time, thought—yes, my dear, *prayerful* thought—to this, the most important matter which ever claims a woman's attention.

While surprised at the disgust expressed by so many really sensible girls, when other subjects are under consideration, regarding the unmarried estate, I am still inclined to deal leniently with some of you, because you have been so unfortunate as to have come in contact with some of those exceptionally vinegary specimens of the *genus femina* who live in what is called a "state of single blessedness," but have never discovered any bliss therein, nor would they have been more fortunate had they been married to the "nicest man in the world, my dear." Why? simply because they carry with them wheresoever they go such unhappy, sour dispositions that the best of husbands, the sweetest of children, the most propitious of circumstances, could not sweeten them in the least.

"Have I ever seen it tried?" Yes, indeed, and more than once, too. I could take you by the hand—if I could reach you—and lead you to at least half a dozen women who lived single until they were quite old and then were given good husbands and dear children, with plenty of money

to make the wheels of life roll smoothly, and yet the change did not make the least difference. The vinegar was not sweetened, but became still more acid. Perhaps you think this acidity is or was due to the long years unblest by conjugal affection. Yet you are greatly mistaken, for I can show you many women with whom I have been personally acquainted who married early in life, and married well in every sense of that comprehensive term, yet who grew more crabbed, sour, and discontented with each succeeding year and made their husbands' lives utterly miserable and their children's also, not by scolding and ranting, but by being simply intensely "vinegary."

Have I known "any cheery, jolly old maids?" Have I yes, indeed, and I could tell you of one especially who was beautiful, accomplished, refined, intellectual—a queen uncrowned; such a noble presence, such a cheerful, entertaining companion as she was. She would keep a room filled with all sorts of people in a ripple of merry laughter. Yet this glorious woman set aside her own will, conquered her own inclinations, sacrificed personal pleasure and convenience—all this in order that she might take a mother's place in her brother's household, using all her rare gifts for the good of his little children. Never once did she swerve from the path which she had set

out to tread until it ended at the base of the great White Throne. You think that you could hardly be such a woman? Why not? What made her the woman she was? Just this: Doing her duty; giving up her own way to follow what she believed to be God's way. You can do that, cannot you? This is one single lady that I have known. I could tell you of several others who were delightful company and had hosts of loving friends, and lived the merriest kinds of lives, though they all lived more for others than for themselves. This lady was the grandest I ever knew, married or single; therefore have I chosen her for my description.

I wish earnestly to disabuse your mind, my dear girl, of this absurd and even cruel prejudice against those who are called upon to walk alone through this earthly pilgrimage, many of them rendered sour by this very prejudice which obtains in so many foolish minds. Be an "old maid," if that shall seem best for you. Be married, if that shall seem best for you. Be God's child, faithfully doing His will, whatever you are, and you will be sure of an eternal state of blessedness among the redeemed in His house of many mansions. That is the end whereunto you were created, whether married or single.

RUTH ARGYLE.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE RAINBOW.

**T**RIBUNAL arch that fill't the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold, material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why thy first robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first made anthem rang  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

### MARGARET.

**T**HERE is a daisy in our home;  
'Tis called our Margaret here.  
Search the wide world of Christendom,  
Or view the starry sphere,  
And not a star of stars that gem  
The night's unrivaled diadem  
Shines as she shines, for hearts like ours,  
Of pearls the pearl, the flower of flowers.

There is a pearl upon the sod,  
A star upon the ground;  
A poet hails this gift of God,  
Like Israel's manna found,  
And calls its eye-of-day that peeps  
While yet the sluggard worldling sleeps,  
To catch the earliest morning-ray,  
A child of light and of the day.

There is a daisy in the sea,  
And there 'tis called a pearl,  
It costs a life that bud to free,  
Amid the wild waves' whirl,  
From lone neglects and nether night,  
And bring it flashing into light,  
Like gems in Christ's own crown, that shine  
A parable of love divine.

Oh! may our daisy from her name  
Gain symbols of the truth,  
And in her loving nature frame  
Such garlands of her youth,  
As in the daisy-chain are wove,  
Buds that lie low, but look above,  
Or like the pearls that shall adorn  
Children of Light and of the Morn.

BISHOP COXE.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### A LETTER FROM DOROTHY WINTHROP.

UPLAND FARM, April, 1885.

MY DEAR ANNA:—Your suggestion that we exchange tried recipes and helpful bits of experience in home economics meets my hearty approval. It "stands to reason" that if some simple device or "trick of the trade" in housekeeping has made your work easier or given your cooking a more delicious flavor, the same would be useful to me, and *vice versa*.

I am thirty years old to day; but we have given an impromptu party, and I really have been too busy to indulge myself in the customary reflections on the shortness of life and the rapid flight of time. I am coming more and more each year to

"Leave God to order all my ways  
And trust in Him, whate'er betide,"

so that whether I live three or thirty years longer is of less importance than whether the duties of each day and each hour are performed cheerfully, "as to the Lord."

This morning at breakfast I found under my plate one of those dainty fringed birthday cards, so common now, the gift of my three little ones. With smiling faces they thoroughly enjoyed my look and expression of surprise. Then their tongues were loosed and, all talking at once, they told of how they had sent for the card by Aunt Ray the day I was over to grandpa's; of where they had kept it hidden, and how Laura had slipped it carefully under the plate while I was in the pantry stirring up batter for the gems.

John's present was a gold pen, the exact counterpart of one I lost last summer. He was sorry it was such a "trifle," but he knew, even if I had not told him, the thoughtfulness and genuine affection which accompanied the gift were worth more to me than the costliest present money could buy, indifferently bestowed.

Before we had finished breakfast our nearest neighbor, Mr. Miner, came in to borrow some saleratus. You know we are four miles from town, and when the roads are bad or the men-folks are uncommonly busy, it frequently happens that the staples of housekeeping, sugar, tea, flour, soda, etc., in one family or the other are used up before it is convenient to purchase a fresh supply, and we are not too particular to borrow back and forth. We have never had occasion to borrow each other's front door or spare bed-room; but if such a demand were made by either family I presume the other would do its best to supply the need. Mr. Miner is one of the kindest and most accommodating of men, and so droll. One day John went over there to get something—sugar, I think—and after he had made known his errand, in what he supposed to be a cross manner, Mr. Miner inquired, "Why don't you buy such things for yourself? I should think a man like you would provide better for his family." Now I should have been frightened and thought the man in earnest, but John is just saucy enough to talk back, and told him there was no need so long as we had good neighbors; that it was much easier

to step over there and borrow than go to town and buy. So this morning, when he asked if his wife could have a little saleratus "to make some pancakes of," John laid down his knife and fork, and trying to look very stern, though the fun would shine in his eyes, said:

"I wonder if you are not over here to borrow again. I should think a man of your means and experience would keep saleratus in the house. Why don't you buy such every-day necessities?"

Mr. Miner drew off his mittens and tucked them under his arm, pushed his cap to the back of his shaggy head, and made himself comfortable in the chair I had placed for him before the bright wood fire before he answered, looking quizzically through half-shut eyes:

"Well, we should be more particular about it, only we have such inveterate borrowers for neighbors we have to borrow back again to have revenge on them."

"Well," asked the undaunted Jonathan, "why didn't you bring home that cross cut saw? I want to use it by and by."

"I don't understand why you expect a poor old man like me to bring home your tools; it's all I can do to borrow them."

When he learned that it was my birthday he insisted on giving me a turkey for dinner on this family holiday. I accepted on condition he and his wife would dine with us. John went home with him to get his saw and consult Mrs. Miner. She agreed to come, so he brought back the turkey. One o'clock was the hour appointed for dinner; it was shockingly late, and with all the morning work to do up I knew at once I could not dress and roast the fowl by that time. So, as it was only two thirds grown and quite tender, it was cut up and boiled like chicken. While John prepared the turkey for the kettle, I swept the sitting room, leaving Laura to dust for me. She is seven years old now, and quite proficient in the art of dusting and putting rooms to rights. The younger children filled the wood box and chip-basket while I made the rice pudding. I say the pudding, for it has come to be as much a part of our birthday dinners as the traditional plum pudding is a part of the Englishman's Christmas dinner.

The custom originated in my family years ago. In my childhood days my father was a poor itinerant minister, with a "large family of small children" to feed, clothe, and educate; but our mother always had some little gift and some extra dish ready to celebrate each birthday. These, of course, came at all seasons of the year, but father always indulged his family in one or rather two luxuries—plenty of milk and eggs—so when every other dainty failed, we knew we could fall back on "rice pudding with lots of raisins in it," till finally it grew to be a standing joke and a sure treat at any and all such dinners. And we children who have homes of our own keep up the custom in remembrance of happy days "lang syne."

On this particular occasion, I had washed the rice (a teacupful) and it had softened for half



an hour in a quart of milk on the back part of the stove, before I remembered that I had used the last eggs in the house for cake only the day before. I was panic stricken for a moment, until I recalled a trick with puddings my mother-in-law had taught me long ago; so I added a cup of raisins, salt spoon of salt, nutmeg—we think nutmeg the natural flavoring for rice—a large cup of sugar, lump of butter size of an egg, another quart of milk, and three tablespoonfuls of buttermilk. The buttermilk curdles the sweet milk as it bakes and does not hurt the taste. Two quarts of milk to a cup of rice may seem an extravagant allowance, but it is not a drop too much if you want the pudding moist and toothsome; even then, if it is done two minutes before it is to be dished, cover, to prevent the escape of half the moisture and all the flavoring. If it is ever so rich, I cannot eat dry, choky pudding. The last baking of bread would not last over Sunday if we used of it for dinner, and, with all the rest, I must make biscuits; but as I had a sack of "Nonpareil" patent process flour, and a can of "Royal" baking powder on hand, that was no bughbear. Well, by the united efforts of the family, dinner was ready on time.

Just as I was carrying the gravy and meat to the table, who should appear on the scene but one of John's sisters and one of mine, with their husbands from the city, several miles away. They declared they had driven out on purpose for a romp with the babies, but they had remembered the day and brought me a set of silver spoons. So please do not think of me hereafter as sipping my tea from a spoon of such base metal as German silver.

It was an easy matter to rearrange the table while the men cared for the horses, and though the turkey had grown a little too crisp in the oven, and the biscuits a little too cool on the reservoir, it was a merry party that gathered around the festive board a few minutes later. The boys were glad to find dinner all on the table, for their long ride had given them "a ravenous appetite," they said.

They praised the gravy especially, and it occurred to me that my method for chicken gravy is different from some other cooks'. I season the meat while it is cooking, and when thoroughly done, but before it falls from the bones, take out into the frying-pan well buttered, and fry till a delicate brown, turning often. To the broth that remains add water if necessary, a generous lump of butter, salt and pepper, and thicken with flour moistened with water. A simple recipe, you may say; and so it is. The only difference is I use water throughout while most cooks use milk, which seems to destroy that particular flavor we all like with fowl. We loitered over the simple meal long enough to have gone through a state dinner of twelve courses, and when at last we rose, the ladies insisted on helping to clear the table and wash the dishes.

In the midst of the lively conversation we kept up, it is no wonder directions were misunderstood or not heard at all, and that the bits of bread, cake, meat, and potatoes, that I should carefully have saved for "future reference," were scraped out for Shep and the chickens; or that the pickles found their way into the sugar crock, and four or five tarts smiled at me from a cream pail,

which is used just now for storing Graham flour. A thick, transparent stream trickling from under the cupboard door attracted my attention to the fact that the honey plate stood on edge; and before that was righted crash went the potato kettle into the glass can that had held the peaches. I could not repress a smile as I glanced around the buttery while I was wiping the dish-pan. In earlier housekeeping days the scene would have given me cold chills and a nervous headache, and I should have felt for the rest of the day as if the world were bottom up and wrong side out.

Two or three tin basins of different sizes occupied the place of honor dedicated to a few choice pieces of majolica and glassware; the pudding-dishes stood where the tea-saucers should have been; knives, forks, and spoons spread themselves promiscuously over the surface of one shelf; the plates were crowded into an out-of-the-way corner; a tureen full of teacups and some bowls occupied a prominent position on another shelf, and a huge tin pan sat exactly where I always looked to find the sugar bowl and spoon-holder; the napkin drawer was only half shut and the scullery door stood ajar. Time for visiting was too precious to use all it would need to bring order out of such confusion, and I gently closed the door on the chaotic vision as I thanked the girls—not for turning my pantry topsy-turvy, but for their kind, helpful intentions.

After joining the gentlemen, an hour of pleasant chat and song passed all too quickly by, when one of the young men, after consulting his watch, said something about "home" and that they had "lost a day from the store." I did not catch the whole sentence, but Joe, the jolly new brother, replied: "Lost? No, indeed!" then added, with more earnestness than I had ever given him credit for:

"Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection;  
For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind."

Finally, about sunset, our little party broke up and our gay young guests from town drove off down the lane, turning to throw kisses to the children and to repeat invitations and farewells. Just as they gained the road and the horses broke into a brisk trot, one of the ladies turned again and called out: "O Dorry! bring your new polonaise pattern when—" The remainder of the request was borne away on the evening breeze, but was easily supplied, for I chanced to know she had lately purchased cloth for a new dress, and we are so nearly the same size that one pattern does for both of us, and we often amuse ourselves and puzzle our friends by exchanging dress, hat, or wrap for a season.

Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Miner sauntered off down the well-worn path through the orchard, where the warm rains and glorious sunshine had lately spread a soft carpet of tenderest green.

From the "Castle," the roomiest bird house in the old plum-tree, a pair of venturesome robins chirruped to each other a sleepy good-night, and the early spring twilight deepened to dusk as I left the porch and returned to the cozy sitting-room to light the lamp and see the little ones safely to bed and "tell just one teeny little story, mamma."



So I told of the funny sayings and strange adventures of three little babies I once knew. When Christie goes to bed she thinks the next duty is to get to sleep, and she had dropped off into dream-land long before the second baby of the story had recovered from the shock of a dipper of cold water spilled all over her warm little body by her older sister, who thought "Kiss want dwink."

Karl struggled manfully with the "sleepy god" until the boy baby that had been lost was found with his white kittie hugged close in his arms, like little boy Blue, "under the hay-stack, fast asleep." But Laura's round, blue eyes were wide open and her characteristic curiosity cropped out in the question: "What's the rest about 'em and what were their names?"

I told her they were fast growing up into children—sometimes naughty, but generally good—named Laura, Christie, and Karl. As the truth dawned upon her mind, she gave me an odd smile, and, along with a good-night kiss, the dubious compliment, "You're a funny mamma," and was soon sleeping as sweetly as the others.

Then I lived over again the pleasant events, not only of to-day, but plenty of other holidays, among them the little Fourth-of-July party we had when you visited us two years ago, which also reminded me of your unanswered letter, and I determined to treat myself to one more pleasure this happy day, writing to you.

Have I wandered from the subject? Well, the kindly observance of these anniversaries in the family, which leave such pleasant memories and help to make housekeeping easy, is one of my hobbies; and you know when one rides a hobby it is almost impossible to stop and dismount. So if I have dealt out a small dose of housekeeping hints, I remember your preference for physicians of the homeopathic school. At any rate, these are "sugar-coated" with an earnest desire to help and cheer you amid the cares and anxieties of your far-off western home, and with abundance of love.

Yours faithfully,

DOROTHY WINTHROP.

### USE OF SALT.

**A**MONG other follies of the day, says the London *Lancet*, some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt, and propose to do without it. Nothing could be more absurd. Common salt is the most widely distributed substance in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is it everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burned. In particular, it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up so much and no more, however much we may take with our food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Under ordinary circumstances, a healthy man loses, daily about twelve grains by one channel or the other, and, if he is to maintain his health, that quantity must be introduced.

Common salt is of immense importance in the processes ministering to the nutrition of the body,

for not only is it the chief salt in the gastric juice, and essential for the formation of bile, and may hence be reasonably regarded as of high value in digestion, but it is an important agent in promoting the processes of diffusion and therefore of absorption. Direct experiment has shown that it promotes the decomposition of albumen in the body, acting, probably, by increasing the activity of the transmission of fluids from cell to cell. Nothing can demonstrate its value better than the fact that, if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestine of an animal, no portion of it is absorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt be added.

If any further evidence were required, it would be found in the powerful instinct which impels animals to obtain salt. Buffaloes will travel for miles to reach a "salt-lick;" and the value of salt in improving the nutrition and the aspect of horses and cattle is well known to every farmer. The popular notion that the use of salt prevents the development of worms in the intestine has a foundation in fact, for salt is fatal to the small thread-worms, and prevents their reproduction by improving the general tone and the character of the secretions of the alimentary canal. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious that salt, being wholesome and indeed necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and that abstinence from it is likely to be injurious.

### RECIPES.

**A NOVEL DISH.**—A dish which is as delicious as novel consists simply and solely of chopped (not minced) beef, with an almost equal proportion of potatoes, also chopped fine. The two are fried together in a pan, either with or without sauce (the best is Harvey's sauce), butter, and cayenne.

**LEMON SHAPE.**—Two ounces of arrowroot, six ounces of loaf-sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon grated; mix with one pint of boiling water. When cold add the yolks and whites of three eggs well beaten, and boil all together well; then pour it into a mold and let it stand till the next day. This is a delicious sweet and very nourishing.

**A HOT-WEATHER refresher** is a dish of thinly sliced tomatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt, and sugar, crushed ice being laid over it just before serving. A tasty morsel is frequently concocted from minced game, a little good gravy, and sliced tomatoes baked in a pie-dish. Sometimes macaroni is added to the rest.

**TO CLEAN PAINT.**—Soda ought never to be used for paint cleaning, and very little soap. Paint is best dried with a leather, as the latter polishes as well as dries. Grease spots on paint may be easily removed by dipping the flannel into a little finely powdered whitening worked into a paste with water. The parts only which are soiled should be touched with the whitening, but if the white surface of the paint is very dirty the mixture may be applied all over, wetting only as much as can be dried off at a time. By this means the finest paint may be preserved in beauty for a very long time. Varnished paint should only be washed occasionally with plain cold water, applied and dried with a wash leather.

## Health Department.

### THE TEETH.

AT the risk of appearing tedious, with the danger before me of treating a subject which has already been so often and so ably discussed, I feel impelled to call the attention of our young readers—and older ones, too—to their teeth. I will not dwell especially upon the importance of cleanliness, for I believe comparatively few need instruction upon this point; and yet some may, for a beautiful pink mouth, smiling to display not pearls but tartar, is a far commoner sight than many might suppose. However that may be, I wish to speak of the teeth chiefly as valuable possessions, as wealth which money cannot buy.

Every human being starts in life with a definite allowance of these treasures, which are so far ornamental that we often forget that they are also useful. If, through accident, misfortune, or carelessness, he or she should part with one or more, no power in the universe can supply the loss, any more than it can create a new bone or limb where one has already been. The best that human skill can do is to produce what is, after all, a poor substitution. When we consider this, should not every sound tooth be prized more than a diamond. The old Jews well knew its value when they compared it with an eye. Their dictum, "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth," contains more of real wisdom than appears on the surface.

In this light, how wicked, how wanton appears the waste that, for a long period of time until quite recently, condemned every tooth in which was the slightest pain. So universal has been this practice that to-day it is one of the rarest of rare things to meet a full-grown man or woman having a perfect set of teeth. But teeth were intended to last a lifetime, just as hands and feet were. Would you doom to destruction any member which caused you a little temporary suffering? Why, then, must a tooth go? No sensible answer appears to such a question, unless, perhaps, that teeth could be removed when eyes or hearts could not—if that is a sensible answer—or that, in times past dental skill had not reached its present state of perfection.

Never have a tooth drawn. This is a rule admitting of so few exceptions that these exceptions are scarcely worth noting. It is rare, indeed, in which a tooth is so far gone as to be past saving, and in these cases the tooth might have been saved if taken in time.

The best dentists nowadays make a specialty of filling, and, unless in extreme instances, absolutely refuse to extract teeth. Have a tooth filled just so long as there is a stump left to fill. The terrors of the dental chair are fast becoming things of the past. The pangs of toothache will soon be placed in the list of forgotten diseases. Any one who will suffer with such a complaint in this decade of the nineteenth century—that is, any one having complete control of his own actions, who lives within five hundred miles of civilization, and who has means sufficient to keep him out of the almshouse—richly deserves to suf-

fer. The idea of a young man with a cigar in his mouth or a young lady with a gold chain around her neck lamenting over bad teeth or the toothache!

The question of the teeth, however, is not merely one of beauty, use, or local comfort. It is one of hygiene, and that in a general sense. The health of the teeth and that of the whole system are so closely bound together that it is very difficult to separate them. If your teeth are soft and loose, don't go to the dentist and demand that they shall come out. Look for the trouble in your stomach. On the other hand, if you have neuralgic pains in the face and head, have your teeth examined immediately. To have nice teeth, keep up the general health, and to insure health attend scrupulously to the teeth. Experienced physicians and dentists are more than ever inclined to the conclusion that the one care implies the other.

But, of course, if your teeth really are past saving, there is nothing to be done but have a set of false ones made. Don't go with bare gums or have cheap teeth under the mistaken idea of economy. There is no economy in presenting a painful, repulsive appearance, whatever may be the cost. Economize in clothing, furniture, travel, yes, even food and books, rather than in teeth. No one can be truly comfortable, beautiful, healthy, or wise, unless his or her bodily well being is first secured—unless, if not attractive, he or she is at least tolerable to others. And when you do have false teeth, never take them out, except for purposes of cleansing; then they will fit better and appear more natural looking.

What do you think of people who have false teeth made simply because their own are not pretty? This is becoming quite a favorite style of vanity. But such a course defeats its own object. Teeth too white, too regular, too perfectly formed, are beginning to be regarded with suspicion. A little speck of gold here and there is considered such good evidence in favor of nature's own ornaments that even false teeth are often so beautified to make them look natural. But the experienced eye soon detects an undue fullness above the upper lip. So, my young friend, unless you have some better reason for wearing false teeth than the desire of adornment, stick to your own, however homely. Have the frail back ones or the worst ones repaired with amalgam or cement; have the front ones, or those especially worth it, elegantly finished and strengthened with gold. Have roughnesses filed off, crooked teeth straightened, tartar removed; and make up your mind to submit to imperfection. Even if your opened mouth looks like a gold mine—the teeth in it are your own, worth more to you, in satisfaction at least, than the handsomest artificial set. With a good brush, some precipitate chalk, or other simple dentifrice and ordinary care, even a very imperfect collection of one's own teeth can be kept in good order for years. A conscientious dentist would scarce advise any other course than the one pointed out above.

In view of the great importance of the teeth

and their proper care, mothers would do well to begin early in attending to their children's teeth. By this means, much of the pain, loss, and expense of later years may be avoided. To use an old proverb, never used too often, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." M. B. H.

## SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG NURSES.

### CHAPTER III.

IN my last chapter I promised to tell you something about "sick-folks'" cookery, but I would premise that there is often quite as much in the manner of serving the food as there is in the food itself. Always serve everything neatly, and if the invalid has to hold the tray on her lap, either in bed or in a chair, be sure to use the *lightest* dishes you have or can get, and also the *smallest* ones that will hold the food, in order that the whole may be as little of a burden as possible.

A tray, as it was once brought to me, recurs to my mental vision now. The tray was covered with a clean napkin, and on it were a light cup and saucer, with my tea. In another saucer was a spoonful of oat-meal pudding, with sugar and cream; one individual butter-plate contained a little slice of cold chicken, another a teaspoonful of apple-jelly, and still another held the half of a small, baked sweet apple, divested of skin and core.

A great contrast to this was what I once saw in a neighbor's house, where the mother had long been an invalid and, at this time, was also suffering from a broken arm. She had to have her food on a tray in her lap, as she was unable to sit up to the table. The daughter, who knew very little about taking care of the feeble, had prepared a potato and some meat on a *large* dinner-plate and set it on the tray, which also held a cup and saucer of heavy ware, with her tea, and a slice of bread and butter. The mother looked weary, but she was trying to eat, and said: "I should like some apple-sauce." The daughter rose from the table at which the family were eating, took up a pint bowl of heavy white ware, which was nearly full of sauce, and set it on the tray. "Why, I don't want all that!" the mother said; and the reply was: "Well, can't you eat what you want and leave the rest?" Tears started to the mother's eyes as she said: "D, take the bowl away—the tray is so heavy without it that I can scarcely hold it. I wanted a little bit of sauce in a sauce-plate; but no matter, you needn't trouble yourself."

Now that mother had some lovely light china ware, and she should have had it for her use.

A few days later I was hastily called to go to the same place. The daughter was away and the hired nurse was frightened, thinking the woman was dying. When I reached the room she sat in her chair, but was unable to speak and asked with her eyes for help as plainly as eyes can speak. The doctor had left stimulants and the nurse had given the usual dose, but with no perceptible effect. I repeated the dose and commenced briskly rubbing the uninjured arm, and in a few moments she recovered her speech sufficiently to ask for "something to eat." The nurse proposed "crust coffee," but the woman said, "No slops." I asked the nurse to toast and prepare half a cracker and make half a cup of good, bright tea, while I

hastily chopped about a spoonful of cold, baked beef and scraped about half as much sour apple. You may be sure I served it on the china ware, and only placed the plate, with the toast and meat, in her lap, sitting beside her with the tea and apple. She just tasted the toast, but ate every crumb of the meat and apple and drank the tea. Broiled meat and baked apple would have been better for her, but the want was immediate and I had to utilize whatever came to hand.

In cases of acute disease it is best to ask the physician for directions as to what, and how much, nourishment to give, and follow his directions exactly, unless you see that it affects the patient unpleasantly, in which case report to him and ask for other directions.

In making broths, put the meat, of whatever kind (quail and partridge are preferable, but chicken, mutton, beef, and veal are all good), into cold water, with a little salt, and cook it slowly a long time. Take out the meat and set the broth away to cool, and when thoroughly cool take off every bit of the fat or grease. It should be strong enough to be a stiff jelly when cold. To prepare it for the patient, to one teaspoonful of the jelly add three or four teaspoonfuls of boiling water in a bright tin dish; salt it to taste and let it just come to a boil; pour it into a cup and take it to the patient. Never carry a cupful at a time, only a little.

Sometimes only a teaspoonful of this can be given once in an hour. In this case, fix half a cupful and set the cup in a tin dish of hot water and place it where it will keep just warm enough.

If milk is ordered instead of broth, give the *top* of the milk, even if you have to dilute it with water. One spoonful of the *top* of the milk is worth more to the sick one or the infant than half a cup of skimmed milk.

In making gruels, either of corn-meal, oat meal, rice, wheat flour, corn-starch, or rolled cracker, the secret is to have them well cooked and free from lumps. To be sure of the latter, wet the thickening with a *very little* cold water, making it smooth, and then stir it slowly into boiling water. Corn-meal, oat-meal, or rice should be boiled at least an hour—an hour and a half is still better. Rice may boil for three hours to good advantage. The other kinds can be made in from ten to fifteen minutes.

For either of these a double kettle is, of course, the best to make them in, but, with care, they can be made, and well made, in a common "spider" or a saucepan. If milk is to be added to the gruel, use the *top* and ask the physician whether you shall scald it in the gruel or only stir it in when ready to take it to the patient, as the milk is liable to have a different effect when scalded, and only the physician may be sure which is best for the patient.

SISTER CALLIE.

AFTER a good constitution, as a requisite to health, come good physical habits. These require a good supply of nutritious food, daily and regular exercise in the open air, pure water to drink, pure and abundant air for the lungs, eight hours of good sleep out of every twenty-four, cleanliness, regularity in all habits and employments, wise, but not excessive, recreation, last—but not least—useful, congenial occupation.

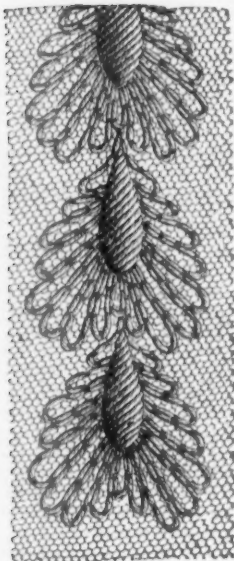
## Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.



LAMP SHADE.



BASKET FOR HOLDING KNIVES AND FORKS.



PATTERN IN DARNED NET.



PHOTOGRAPH CASE.

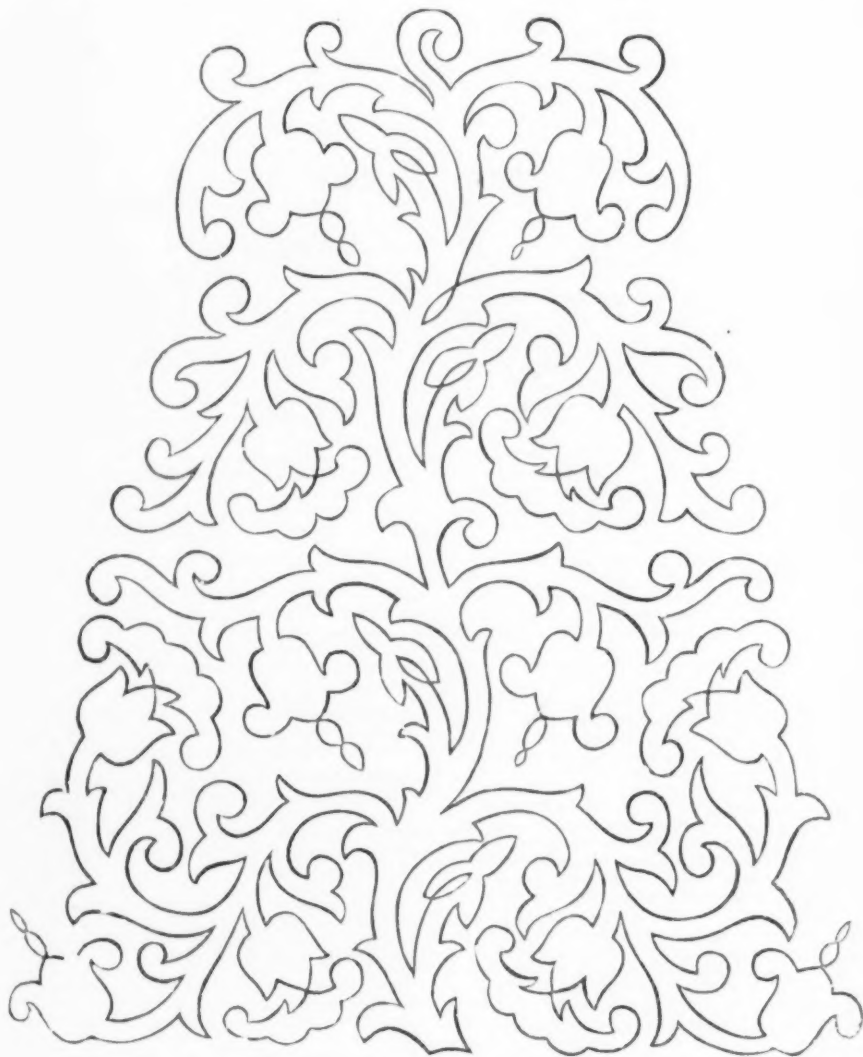
**Lamp Shade of Darned Lace.**—This elegant shade is made of two pieces of bobbinet-lace five and a half inches wide, sewn together one yard sixteen and five-eighths inches, yet would look equally well in darned net. When the lace has been joined at the ends, it is laid in box plaits and fastened from underneath on a covered ring eleven and seven-eighths inches large, concealed at the back with a strip of Ottoman ribbon. Of the latter are also the nine loops arranged between each plait, which require always thirteen and three-eighths inches of ribbon, these being caught up six and five-eighths inches long and fastened at the edge

of the upper row of lace, and then turned under and sewn to the lower row.

**Basket for Holding Knives and Forks.**—Abbreviations: SC., for Single Crochet, DC., for Double Crochet, SSt., for Slip Stitch.

This basket of beige colored plait is nine inches

are of three different sizes. An outer edge of a row of gilt tinsel thread gives a pretty effect to each diamond, one SC. being worked round every upper stitch link, only always between the first and second DC. of the three DC. crocheted into one stitch, two SC. separated by one Ch. are seen. The middle row of the diamonds has twenty DC. in the first row, in the



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR FRONT OF DRESS.

high without the four and three-quarters inches high handle, seven and a half inches wide across at the top, and five and a quarter inches at the bottom, the basket being lined with wax cloth, and a layer of cork put in below. The outer part is ornamented with thick crocheted diamonds united by chain curves, and each diamond crocheted alternately in two shades of brown Hamburg wool, faded blue, and Pompeian red. As the basket is wider above than below, the diamonds

second twenty-eight DC., every three going into the first, sixth, eleventh, and sixteenth SC. The smallest diamonds, which are put between, have only sixteen SC. in the first row and twenty-four DC. in the second, every three of these going into first, fifth, ninth, and thirteenth St. In making the last row of metal thread the diamonds are caught together at the corners with one SSt. The uniting curves of dark brown wool are each crocheted at the opposite outer



edges of the diamonds and looped together with one SST. The curves of the lower diamonds are, of course, to be smaller than on the upper ones. When the diamonds are finished one row of SC, in tinsel thread is worked round the upper edge and two rows of chain curves, the first of brown wool, the second of tinsel thread. This last row is caught over to the inner edge of the basket, and here fastened down with a row of balls, which, like the pompons hiding the chain curves, the balls between the last diamonds and those ornamenting the handle twisted over with cord, are of Hamburg wool in the already mentioned colors. If this basket is lined with tin and the basket edge left

plain, it may be used for removing soiled knives and forks at meals.

**Photograph Case.**—This beautiful photograph case is made of plush or canvas embroidered in silk. It is lined with satin and fastened together with a bow of ribbon.

**Braiding Pattern.**—We give our readers this month a very effective design for braiding white piqué and cloth dresses. The perforated stamping patterns can be furnished at the following prices: For whole suit, two dollars and a half; for front alone, one dollar.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

**Homespun or Tweed costumes** are very simple in construction. In a model, a light-brown mixed cloth, a box-plaiting about eight inches in depth, edges the skirt. The front is cut about a yard longer than necessary, and a draped effect is made by sewing this in folds in the side seams of the skirt, together with the foundation. The back is cut still longer, and is looped instead of being full in at the side seams. The jacket basque is cut pointed in front, round over the hips, and has a plaited postillion back. The collars and cuffs are simply stitched, and about two dozen buttons close the front. Collars and cuffs of velvet may be added, or the whole costume trimmed with rows of braid.

**Combination costumes** of woolen materials may have the overdress of figured goods, with fronts describing a very short jacket opening over a plaited vest, which is confined at the waist by a broad plaited belt, but the side forms and back pieces fall in broad plaits to the lower edge of the underskirt. The front drapery consists of a round apron of plain goods looped high at the sides, and the skirt is trimmed with a narrow protective plaiting and seven bias folds slightly overlapping each other. This model may be copied in silk and velvet, wool and velvet, plain and embroidered cloth, or entirely in one material, as serge, Khayyam, or bison cloth.

**White Costumes.**—White dresses, for all occasions, are more in favor than ever. The favorite trimming is lace and embroidery. Sometimes a white costume contains more embroidery than foundation material, embroidery now coming in widths deep enough to be used as flounces, draperies, or even entire skirts. Other white costumes have yokes, sleeves, vests, and apron-fronts of lace, ric-rac, or crochet work. The material for a white costume may be of lawn, cambric, or plain or figured mull. A pretty model for a simple white dress consists of a round, gathered waist, with elbow sleeves, broad sash, and tucked or flounced skirt. Another pretty model has the round waist covered with narrow, perpendicular tucks, instead of being gathered. Lace and embroidery may be used in abundance as edging for neck, sleeves, sash, drapery, and flounces, but the models themselves are very plain.

**Misses' Costumes.**—The favorite models for girls from twelve to sixteen years of age show short jackets fitting the figure closely, but ending at the waist and open in front over a puffed or plaited blouse waist, belted in. In a pretty costume the plain skirt is of striped summer skirting, with stripes going round instead of down the skirt. The jacket, rounded tunic,

and the back drapery, which is a plain breadth of material arranged in loops like a wide sash, are of dark blue Khayyam serge; the puffed plastron is of dark blue surah. The jacket is entirely open in front, and ornamented with narrow rows of blue and silver braid; and the basque at the back forms two short, square tabs, which are also trimmed with the braid put on in odd designs.

**Cream-white Costumes.**—The fancy for cream-white costumes continues. The favorite materials are woolen serge, nun's veiling, batiste, de beige, albatross, and other varieties of creamy woolen fabrics. The favorite trimming is Oriental or Spanish lace. Cream-white is becoming to all complexions, and its effect may be heightened by the addition of clusters of natural flowers or loops and bows of bright ribbon.

**Summer silks** this season are light in weight, but come in dark, serviceable colors. They may be made plainly, or striped and figured silks may be combined with solid colors; but the fancy is at present for trimming them with Hamburg embroidery or cream-white, Oriental lace, neither being considered at all incongruous on a navy-blue, seal-brown, or black costume.

**Surah and Louisine silks**, the coolest and most desirable black silks for summer wear, are generally trimmed with black Escorial or Spanish lace.

**Girls' dresses** are often made with plain, short-waisted bodices fastened round the waist with a band, or with an exceedingly short basque, to the edge of which the tunic is gathered. The tunics on young girls' costumes are mostly short; puffed tunics turned under at the edge suit them well; others are in the shape of pointed paniers crossed in front, and another pretty style is to have two draped scarfs bordered with turned-back revers, the right side of the tunic draped lower than the left, with loops and ends of ribbon between the front and back draperies.

**For girls of nine and ten**, dressy costumes are made with short open jackets, showing very wide and full plastrons of satin or silk, but simpler styles are in vogue for the cambric and zephyr dresses that are most in demand this season. For these, slightly puffed or plaited plastrons laid on the plain, long bodices are preferred; both sides of the plastron, or one side only, may be ornamented with a revers of plain material of cambric, for instance, in a different color from the dress, edged with embroidery. A very simple scarf-drapery heads the plaited skirt and hides its junction with the bodice.

**A new polonaise** for young girls, which is to be worn with a flat plaited skirt, or a plain skirt of striped material, is cut like a jacket bodice in front,

with the basque very short on the right side, and sloping gradually until it becomes longer on the left. The bodice is fastened in a diagonal line from the centre of the throat to the left hip. The back drapery on the right side falls quite straight, and is turned under at the edge; on the left it forms a plaited drapery, caught up under a pretty rosette of velvet.

**Summer Millinery.**—Lace bonnets will be very popular. Many bonnets are worn without strings. New capotes are of medium size. The favorite trimmings for summer hats and bonnets are still striped and plaid sash ribbons, etamine, or silk-dotted canvas ribbons, and gold and silver braid and lace. The peaked-brim poke is revived. Sailor hats are trimmed with loose scarfs of surah or white mull. Sunflowers are again used for bonnet-trimmings.

**Novelties.**—Silk mitts are worn this summer.

Parasols are elaborately trimmed with lace.

The favorite color is yellow.

Jerseys are now trimmed with quantities of lace, braid, or embroidery.

Bridesmaids sometimes wear white silk Jerseys, trimmed with cream lace.

Linen collars and cuffs are revived, and are generally worn with tailor-made suits.

Bags and belts are of alligator-skin, mounted in silver.

Summer cashmeres are trimmed with gold and silver braid.

Zouave jackets are revived. Under them may be knotted a loose sash, or they are worn over puffed tulle vests.

Sleeves for evening dresses are still short, and gloves are long.

Little jewelry is worn. Very modest bracelets are of gold or silver, in plain bands or small links.

Bangs are shorter, forming only a simple waved fringe.

**Styles in Dressmaking.**—Sleeves have long been tight, and many are still so, but there is a decided

tendency to introduce wide sleeves, with square cuffs and loose, gathered bishop sleeves. Draperies are generally looped high upon one side, either forming plaits themselves or displaying plaits in the underskirt; or merely hanging in loose folds from the point at which they are caught, either with or without an ornament, as a bow or a bunch of passamenterie. The distinction between underskirt and overskirt is not now well defined—a skirt is generally continuous all around, or at least upon one side, the chief decoration being in the form of drapery. Flounces are not worn, the skirt being generally finished at the bottom by a narrow plaiting set under the edge, instead of ruffle and braid. Sometimes, particularly if of cloth or velvet, the skirt is cut in points to display the plaiting; or, sometimes, instead of the plaiting, a horizontal band of cloth or velvet is used. When two skirts are worn the lower is a petticoat or sham skirt, trimmed only with the plaiting, above which is draped the skirt in soft, irregular loopings.

**Vests.**—The vest is now the principal ornamental part of a costume. It may be plain, of the same material as the dress, or of a contrasting one; it may be tight or loose, puffed, plaited, embroidered, or what not, as heretofore. The latest freak for a vest is to divide it into two ornamental parts, one from the neck to the upper portion of the bust, and the other from this to the waist or hem of the basque or polonaise. This division is marked by a horizontal line of trimming, which may take the form of rows of braid, a ruche of the material, a lace frill, or perhaps a band of embroidery or plaits. The vest above the horizontal line may be cut out to display the neck or filled in with lace; it may be shirred, puffed, or embroidered; but, however ornamented, the ornamentation must contrast widely with that upon the lower portion of the vest. Now, this sounds like a frivolous fashion, but it is not necessarily so. It may suggest to a lady of taste how to utilize odds and ends in making over a half-worn dress—a little velvet or lace, with judicious management, may work wonders.

## New Publications.

**TALES FROM MANY SOURCES.** Vol. iv. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, 75 cents each. Independently of the interests of the stories, the four volumes are of great value, as giving by comparison a fair idea of the different literary methods of the successful English novelists of the present decade. We have in them, side by side, tales from the pens of Hardy, Anstey, Julian Sturgis, Stevenson, Norris, Goida, Charles Reade, Hesba Stretton, the Duchess, Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant*, Black, Walter Besant and James Rice, Wilkie Collins, James Payn, Daudet, not to mention a dozen or more others. The twenty-eight stories represent twenty-seven authors. There is, too, as great variety in character and scene as there is in authorship. Old-time rural life in the "Three Strangers" contrasts strongly with wild adventure in "The Pavilion on the Links" and the doings of a highwayman in the "Knightsbridge Mystery." The quiet humor of "Arohdeacen Holden's Tribulation," the pathos of the "Hermit of St. Eugene," the love idyll of "Beauchamp & Co.," the eccentric fancy in "The Ten Years' Tenant," the touch of the supernatural in the "Lay Figure," mining life in "Australia in Bones," Black Forest scenes in "Queen Tita's Wager," to go no further, all evidence the many widely varying scenes and emotions which have called these tales into existence.

A popular fifty-cent edition of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's earliest and best story, *That Lass o' Laurels*, will be published at once by Messrs. Scribner. This is one of the few books to meet the success it deserved at the outset, about twenty-five thousand copies having been sold directly after publication; and it still remains one of the most vigorous and powerful stories ever produced by an American writer.

Among book publishers it has been a tradition for many years that volumes of short stories do not sell. The career of the series, *Stories by American Authors*, which was completed a short time ago, goes to show the fallacy of this prophecy. From the start the books were successful, until now nearly one hundred thousand copies have been sold and the demand is as steady as ever. Messrs. Scribner have paid the authors represented in this series three thousand dollars for the privilege of using their stories.

**NEW LIGHT ON MORMONISM.** By Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$1.00. In this book the authoress undertakes to trace the development of Mormonism from its inception to the present time. Mrs. Dickinson appears to have had unusual opportunities to study that anomaly of our civilization and to have pursued it with the energy of a detective policeman. The interior history of the

Mormon craze is well shown up, and one cannot help thinking that in the following of Joseph Smith the limits of human credulity seem to be reached.

**TROUBLED WATERS.** By Beverley Ellison Warner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1 25. This is much more than a story, though there is a story in it, and a very pretty one, well and concisely told, with an enjoyable vein of humor and a finish that shows the work of an accomplished writer. Indeed, the love episodes seem to have diverted the writer, in a measure, from the original intention, but the purpose of the book is well carried out, and the suggestions as to the relations of capital and labor and the true remedy for the so-called conflict between them, distinctly pointed out. The book ought to be widely read, and we wish that it could be published in one of the popular, low-priced "libraries," that it might be more widely known, especially to the class that can least afford to pay for such a neatly gotten up volume. The relations of capital and labor are to the natural, what religion is to the spiritual, man, and they concern every civilized being most intimately. It is important that true ideas should be inculcated in all minds, and we believe that the ideas in this book are true. Such a broad subject as this necessarily will take a long time to be well understood, because we are so hampered by our traditions and the inexorable orthodoxy of custom that departure seems to many minds like treason. There are questions that cannot be settled from the present standpoints of capital and labor—such a matter as the true relation between non-producers, the infirm by heredity to the infirmly indolent, or the rights of inherited fraudulent wealth; but when the community reaches a higher standpoint, when the man who pays sees it to his interest to recognize the value of intelligence to the work he must have done, when the man who works sees that his employer's money must be carefully cared for as well as his own, in that time, although it may be far away, the minor operations of laws of mutual concession and co-operation will be more easily recognized as such and will doubtless, under the wider intelligence of that era, be found capable of ready and easy adjustment.

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## STRENGTHENS

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## WEAK LUNGS,

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Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 224, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



# FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1885:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. Limited.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.—FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' costume. The pattern, which is No. 9943 and costs 40 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

This is a particularly stylish costume, and in this instance combines fancy woolen suiting and plain velvet, the velvet being small in quantity, but most effectively utilized. The skirt includes the customary back-breadth, but its three gores extend but a short distance below the hips, the length of the front and sides of the skirt being made up by a flounce-like portion that is hemmed at the bottom, turned down at the top and shirred several times below the reversed edge, the fulness being pressed in kilt-plaits below. This portion is sewed flatly to the gore sections through the shirrings, and is bordered at the bottom with a deep band of velvet, which is continued across the back-breadth. Tapes are run in a casing formed across the back-breadth below the placket, to regulate the fulness suitably. The drapery is detachable, being made in over-skirt style. The front-drapery is quite novel and very effective in its disposal, and the back-drapery is deep and oval and draped by gathers in its front edges. Gatherers in the back edges also drape the front-drapery, which at the sides join the back-drapery in seams, a strap being passed about the right side seam and buttoned, the overlapping end being pointed. For only a



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

short distance at the center and in front of the left side seam the top of the front-drapery is attached to the belt, the loose edge at the left side being caught down in a very effective manner by a pointed strap passed under the drapery and buttoned on the outside, bunching the drapery close together at this side. A long velvet ribbon is passed about this strap and arranged in a full bow that has drooping loops and longer ends.

The basque presents a vest-and-jacket effect that is strikingly stylish. This effect is achieved without the real use of a vest by cutting it straight across at the waist-line between the second bust darts, deepening each side in a handsome point on the hip, and shaping the back to form a deep point at the center. Buttons and button-holes close the fronts, and at each side of the closing are made three forward-turning tucks, which heighten the ornamental effect. Upon each front point is a correspondingly shaped pocket of velvet; and across the short portion of the fronts at the waist-line is arranged a belt-strap of velvet, showing a fastening of button-holes and buttons at each end, the left end being also permanently sewed. Pointed cuffs of velvet roll prettily from the the wrists of the coat sleeves, and the rolling collar is likewise of velvet. Linen cuffs and a linen standing collar are worn.

The pretty bonnet is trimmed with ribbon, lace and flowers, and has ribbon





9924

Front View.



9940

Front View.

CHILD'S  
APRON.

No. 9940.—Plain white muslin was employed for the construction of this little apron. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, will require  $1\frac{1}{2}$



9940

Back View.



9924

Back View.

yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9924.—The pattern to this costume is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, it needs  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. As pictured, it needs  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of silk 20 inches wide for the vest and collar, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of ribbon for the sash-bow. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9915

Front View.



9930

## BOYS' COSTUME.

No. 9930.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. For a boy of 6 yrs., it needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yds. of goods 27 ins. wide. As shown, it needs  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yds. of plain and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plaid goods 27 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.

LADIES' COS-  
TUME.

No. 9945.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 10 yards of muslin and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of



9945

Back View.

velvet, each 20 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of lace net 27 inches wide. Of one material, it needs  $10\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9935

Front View.



9922

Front View.



9922

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 9922.—Flannel is the material represented in this costume. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it requires 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard of material 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9935

Back View.

LADIES'

No. 9935.—Plain suiting was illustrated, with braid and buttons vest may be made of contrasting for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, medium size, it will require 3½ or 1½ yard of material 48 inches

BASQUE.

employed for the basque here illustrated for decoration. If desired, the goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes bust measure. For a lady of yards of goods 22 inches wide, wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9946



9926

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 9926.—This skirt pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require 9½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9944

MISSSES' COSTUME.

No. 9946.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 yrs., it requires 7½ yds. of goods 22 ins. wide. Without the trimming, it needs 4 yards 36 ins. wide, with 1½ yd. of embd. webbing 20 ins. wide. Price of pattern, 35 cts.

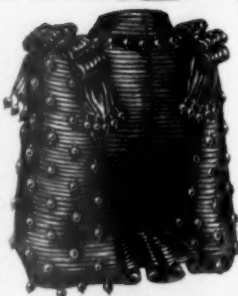
No. 9944.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires 6½ yards of plain and 2½ yards of plaid goods each 22 inches wide, or 3 yards of the one and 1½ yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



9949

Front View.

**LADIES' WRAP.**  
No. 9949.—Corded silk was employed for this pretty wrap, with satin for lining and jet pendants and *moiré* ribbon for garnitures. Cloths, cashmeres, silks and velvets, as well as grenadines, beaded laces, embroidered mulls and similar textures, may be made up in this way, with linings of Surah, silk or satin. Laces, *passementeries*, braids, ribbon and jet-ornaments are among the many decorations suitable for this style of wrap. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9949

Back View.



9928

**GIRLS' DRESS.**  
(TO BE WORN WITH A *Guimpe*.)

No. 9928.—This pretty dress is here shown made of plain chambray, with embroidered flouncing, edging and ribbon for decorations. The *guimpe* worn with it may be of a contrasting color or texture. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs 2 yards of goods 36 inches wide, with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of embroidered flouncing  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's dress No. 9942. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress of one material for a child of 4 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide.

FIGURE NO. 3.—GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 9947. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 8 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches w/e, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.



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